

Poet Lore

VOLUME XXIII

NEW YEAR, 1912

NUMBER I

BY OURSELVES

(*A comedy in one act*)

BY LUDWIG FULDA

Translated from the German by Haya Wally

CHARACTERS

DR. FELIX VOLKART, physician.

HERMINE, his wife.

BARON HUBERT VON BERKOW.

BAUMANN, a servant.

LOTTE, lady's maid.

(Dining-room in DR. VOLKART'S house. Doors at right and left. To the right a window. In the middle of the stage, a long, richly decked table, on which are placed between thirty and forty covers. In the foreground, to the right, a small sofa; to the left several armchairs. In the background, a drawing-room is seen through the portieres. Chandeliers in both rooms.)

SCENE I

HERMINE (*in full evening dress*). LOTTE. BAUMANN busy lighting the chandelier in the drawing-room. Later FELIX.

Hermine (*to LOTTE, who is holding a hand mirror before her, pointing to a rose in her hair*).—Put this rose up a little higher,—still higher. What could that hair-dresser have been doing with his eyes! That's right! But be careful; you are mussing up my lace!

Copyright, 1912, by The Poet Lore Company. All Rights Reserved.

Lotte.— You look charming again to-day, dear madam. (*Lays aside the hand mirror.*)

Hermine.— Do you think so? I do not feel at all well. Our first party — it is so easy to say; but oh, these cares, this work, this disorder! One must think of a thousand things at once, and there is always the fear that one has forgotten a thousand more. And old Baumann is no longer to be depended upon, past sixty as he is. (*Calls*) Baumann!

Baumann (*hurrying forward with a lighted taper in his hand*).— Did you call, madam?

Hermine.— Heavens, it is dripping! Blow it out!

Baumann (*blows out the taper*).— Did you call? Everything has been attended to.

Hermine (*glancing at the table*).— Have the place-cards been properly arranged?

Baumann.— To be sure! But at the end of the left side —

Hermine (*impatiently*).— What?

Baumann.— At the left end three gentlemen are seated together.

Hermine.— There you are! Another confusion! See to it that they are properly arranged.

Baumann (*does not move*).— Oh, if only your blessed mother could have lived to see this day! The baroness always used to say —

Hermine.— I know what my mother used to say. Go now, and attend to your work. (*BAUMANN goes to the table.*)

Felix (*enters at the left in ordinary attire*).— At last I have found you, Hermine! Where is my desk?

Hermine.— In the store-room.

Felix.— A nice place, truly. I must look up something on rheumatism; now, I suppose, I myself shall contract it. (*Hurries away to the right.*)

Baumann (*coming forward again*).— The small tables, too, are covered. Shall I not place cards upon them?

Hermine.— Which small tables?

Baumann.— In the blue drawing-room.

Hermine.— Heavens! Those are the card tables, Baumann. You must remove the covers from them at once.

Baumann.— Yes, when you were a child in arms, dear madam, I never expected to be so fortunate as to live to see the day of your first party, given by yourself —

Hermine.— Terrible! Lotte, kindly see to it —

Felix (*from the right*).— It's simply awful up there! My desk is there; but not my books. Who has removed them?

Lotte.— They are in the large linen closet in the bathroom.

Felix.— In the bathroom? Fine logic of events! (*Exit to the left.*)

Hermine.— Lotte, kindly go and see whether the carpet has been spread as far as the street. (*LOTTE exit to the right.*) And you, Baumann, go ask the cook whether the lobster has yet been brought; if not, telephone.

Baumann.— To whom? To the lobster?

Hermine.— No, to the delicatessen dealer. Number seven hundred and forty-six.

Baumann.— It will all be attended to. Just to think, that twenty years have passed, and that I still have the honor and the pleasure — (*goes into the drawing-room and busies himself with something.*)

Hermine (aside).— He is incorrigible!

Felix (enters at the left, with a lighted cigar).— I cannot find the key of the linen closet.

Hermine.— It is, doubtless, in your desk.

Felix.— This is a fine wild goose chase! So I must go again to the store room? No, now I give it up! (*Sits down in an armchair.*)

Hermine.— Felix, you are smoking! Here in the dining-room.

Felix.— No one is here yet.

Hermine.— A smell of stale tobacco at our first party! That would mean our social annihilation.

Felix.— Then I'll stop. (*Puts away his cigar.*)

Hermine (calls).— Baumann!

Baumann (comes from the drawing-room).— Did you call, madam?

Hermine.— Take this dreadful stump away!

Baumann.— At once. (*Takes the cigar and smokes it slyly.*) This is the real thing! (*Exit to the right.*)

SCENE II

HERMINE, FELIX

Hermine.— Felix, it is high time that you were dressed.

Felix.— If I can find my dress suit I shall attempt it. Judging by the state of things here, I suppose I shall locate it somewhere in the cellar.

Hermine.— You are in very good humor, indeed.

Felix.— Grim humor, the humor of despair! Besides, we have not yet seen each other to-day. So I thought —

Hermine.— We shall see enough of each other this evening.

Felix.— Just in passing by, among all the people.

Hermine.— Have you no feeling whatsoever of the duties of a host?

Felix.— Certainly! But also of other duties. It is just about this very thing that I should like to chat with you for a moment or two.

Hermine.— Chat, now? This is no time for chatting. To-morrow.

Felix.— But to-morrow you are going to the races.

Hermine.— Well then, the day after to-morrow.

Felix.— In the morning you are going to the matinee for the benefit of the water sufferers, and in the evening to the living pictures for the benefit of the fire sufferers. What do you call the picture in which you are taking part?

Hermine.— Home life.

Felix.— Is that so? Home life. A very promising name. So you see, my dear, that for the present we shall have no time to chat, just as we have had no time until now. It is almost four months since we were married; but we always have time only for others, never for ourselves.

Hermine.— Felix, I still have a hundred things to attend to, please get dressed at once. What if people should come —

Felix (*looking at his watch*).— Nobody ever comes during the first half hour, and you know with what marvellous rapidity I can slip on my dress suit.

Hermine.— Well, for goodness sake, tell me in as few words as you can, what is on your mind. Otherwise, I see, I shall not get rid of you.

Felix.— Will things continue in this way, Hermine?

Hermine.— What are you talking about?

Felix.— Well, that we associate with each other only at a distance, that the only privileges of my dignity as your husband consist in this: to accompany you to parties and then to bring you home again; to sit behind you in your box at the theater; at races to follow you about holding your field glass; at dances to hold your bouquet or fan; and everywhere, when any one pays homage to you, to stand near by with a face expressing the utmost satisfaction and indifference. I am like a subordinate figure in a show, that only spoils the effect when it interferes with the action of the play. And people regard me as a perfect model of the wholly noiseless husband. For, since you consider it most improper that I should ever sit near you at a supper, or dance with you at a party —

Hermine — To be sure it is improper. Married people are together enough at home; in society, on the contrary —

Felix.— At home? But when are we at home, dear child? At home, that is so to speak, merely a geographical idea for us; that is only the base of operations from which we undertake our expeditions out into the world at large.

Hermine.— How you exaggerate! Do we not have the whole morning for ourselves?

Felix.— The morning? You are in bed the whole morning.

Hermine.— But when I get up —

Felix.— I have my consultation hour and am busy.

Hermine.— And as soon as you are through —

Felix.— You are already gone on a round of visits, or you receive company — the very best society, I must admit. They are all people of merit, were it only the merit of being nobly born, of having ribbons in their buttonholes, and of being able to speak on every subject under the sun, particularly on such as they do not understand. At lunch we either have guests or are invited elsewhere.

Hermine.— Did you not find it charming at the Chinese ambassador's, the other day?

Felix.— Very interesting. Even the spirit of the lady who sat next to me at table was completely surrounded by a Chinese wall. When you are in Rome, do as the Romans do. I made spasmodic efforts to entertain her, but the only answer she made was, "How funny!" In my despair, I finally read her a lecture on hydrophobia. How funny!

Hermine.— That was your own fault! I enjoyed myself ever so much better.

Felix.— With Herr von Walheim?

Hermine.— An extremely amiable companion.

Felix.— What did you talk about?

Hermine (*trying to recall*).— Well, about — about —

Felix.— Yes, that is what one always talks about with people of that kind.

Hermine.— Why, you do not even know what we were talking about.

Felix.— Nor do you know,— and still less does Herr von Walheim know.

Hermine.— But we do have the afternoon for ourselves.

Felix.— In the afternoon you go out riding, or shopping, or you have guests for tea. And in the evening —

Hermine.— You exaggerate!

Felix.— And in the evening,— we usually do not get home until next morning.

SCENE III

HERMINE. FELIX. BAUMANN (*entering from the right*)

Baumann.— The lobster is here.

Hermine.— That is good.

Baumann.— A splendid animal! It is still alive.

Felix.— Very good, Baumann.

Baumann.— Shall I kill it?

Hermine.— Just give it to the cook.

Baumann.— Ah, could your mother only have seen this. (*Exit to the right.*)

SCENE IV

FELIX. HERMINE

Felix (after a short pause).— Remarkable, that your family doctor should have started on his journey on the very day that your mother got a headache. I still recall quite clearly how I was called in his stead to attend to Madam von Forstner.

Hermine (earnestly).— I also recall it.

Felix.— The case stamped itself upon my memory, because it was the third I had had in all my medical practice to that day, and the first two can hardly be counted. The first was a servant girl who had sprained her hand, and the second, a young man who confidentially asked for a prescription to prevent his hair from falling out. But a baroness, who had a headache, that was a decisive turning point, decisive also for another reason; for that was the beginning of our acquaintance.

Hermine.— Felix, I really believe you are becoming sentimental.

Felix.— Well, why not for once? It is only for the sake of variety. Yes, it was the beginning of our acquaintance. Your mother was perfectly well then; I, however, left your house a sick man. Even the arrow of love, in the light of modern science, proves to be a sort of microbe. I was head over heels in love with you. And after a few more visits, in order to prescribe the purest raspberry juice for your mother, a tablespoonful every hour, I knew it was all over with me; I was passionately in love with you.

Hermine.— Had you not better put on your dress suit, before you repeat your declaration of love to me?

Felix.— I shall soon finish. I knew perfectly well that you were a true worldling, reared in a whirl of pleasures; that you regarded the art of sewing on a button as a sort of higher magic, and that for you, a cook book was a book closed with seven seals. But, I also knew from experience, that girls who are trained for a domestic life become most eager for pleasure after marriage. From this I inferred that the opposite would occur with you; and as I said before, I love you, and if you have no objections, I love you still.

Hermine.— Well, that is just as it should be.

Felix.— Naturally.

Hermine.—On the other hand, you have not yet told me how you like my new dress.

Felix.—I do not know the value of such works of art, until I see the—dressmaker's bill. You had better ask the experts that will be here this evening. I like you in any dress, even in a simple one.

Hermine.—You have no taste.

Felix.—At least none that keeps pace with the current number of the fashion journal. I read this paper too irregularly. In such things I cannot at all compete with our friend Hubert. He is coming this evening, is he not?

Hermine.—We have asked him.

Felix.—Have we?

Hermine.—It would be a thousand pities if he did not come. He dances divinely.

Felix.—It would be horrible! (*Suddenly steps up to her.*) Hermine, either you do not understand me or you do not wish to understand me. Can you not see that this life is a torture for me, that it brings me to despair? Can you not feel that it is my most earnest desire to have my wife for myself and to be able to feel at home in my own house? And if you do not feel it, so much the worse. I am neither a toy nor a dummy to be exhibited for a show; I shall make an end to these doings.

Hermine.—I understand you perfectly; but since the moralizer has developed into a stern tyrant, I must tell you that the time is very ill chosen. I have no desire to continue such a scene ten minutes before the arrival of our guests. I have never given you occasion to doubt my love; you know that I preferred your hand to the most brilliant offers.

Felix.—I suppose I should regard it a great favor!

Hermine.—It was no favor; I have already told you that it was love. If, however, you demand that I shall mope away my youth in a chimney corner; that I shall rave over you all day like a mawkish boarding-house spinster, if you demand that I die of ennui because of my love, than I shall never yield, never! It is my right, my inalienable right to enjoy my youth, and instead of its being a torture, it should please you when people find your wife charming and do homage to her. I need these attentions; they give wings to my soul, they fill my existence with a thousand delights, for which your humdrum chimney corner can offer me no compensation. The great world at which you sneer, animates, charms, intoxicates me. Are not all of you ambitious, you men? You are, every one of you, and why should not we women be likewise? I am ambitious; I want to be the queen of the feast; I want all to envy you your possession of me. Time enough to bury myself within my own four walls, when I am old. But now I am young, I am young; I want to dance, laugh, jest, be vivacious, and this you should not prevent.

Felix.— I find that there is nothing more sad than this everlasting mirth, and nothing more tedious than to amuse oneself so systematically. Do as you please; but, henceforth, I shall no longer play the part of your satellite.

Hermine.— I am of age, and if you think you will be able to justify such conduct to the world, then I release you.

Felix.— I am responsible for my conduct, to my own conscience, not to the so-called world, which I despise.

Hermine.— Because you never took the trouble to make its acquaintance without prejudice.

Felix.— It is not worth the trouble.

Hermine.— Perhaps more than your everlasting studies and staying-at-home.

Felix.— Hermine, you are reproaching me for taking my professional duties seriously!

Hermine.— It was not I who began with reproaches, but you.

Felix.— Under such circumstances it will perhaps be better that we be alone together as little as possible; for you— (*blurting it out*) you are a coquette!

Hermine.— And you are a prig!

Felix (*excitedly walking up and down*).— A very pleasant evening, truly!

Hermine (*in an injured tone*).— The evening of our first party, too!

Felix.— Yes, now I shall put on my dress suit. (*En exint.*) And I shall take as much time as possible in doing so, as much as possible. (*Exit hurriedly to the right.*)

SCENE V

HERMINE. (*Later*) BAUMANN

Hermine (alone).— Such a scene at this time! Oh, it is unpardonable! (*Looks into a hand mirror.*) How do I look? All flushed and agitated. And thus I must receive my guests! (*Calls*) Baumann!

Baumann (from the drawing-room).— Everything has been attended to.

Hermine.— Bring me a Seidlitz powder, quickly!

Baumann.— At once! (*Looking out of the window.*) A carriage has just driven up to the door. Oh, what joy! (*The door bell is heard ringing.*)

Hermine.— Quickly, take the ladies and gentlemen into the drawing-room!

Hermine.— At once! (*Exit to the right.*)

Hermine (calls after him).— And do not bring the Seidlitz powder.

(*Aside.*) This mood! Heavens, I must smile, I must be amiable! Now all my pleasure is spoiled. (*Goes to the rear.*)

Hubert (for whom BAUMANN opens the door, enters from the right. He is in traveling dress).— Dear friend, first of all grant me your pardon for appearing before you at so late an hour and in such questionable attire. But when one has been forced to live for a whole week far from you, there can be no more urgent business, on one's return home, than kissing your hand. I am come directly from the station, and since I had to pass here on my way home, I thought I would stop my carriage in order to — but what do I see? You are in full dress, and this table, these formal preparations.— Do you await guests?

Hermine (very much surprised).— Did you not receive our invitations?

Hubert.— I am thunderstruck, my word of honor! I have been out of town for a week on affairs connected with my estate. Your invitation has probably been lying all this time unopened at my house.

Hermine.— At all events, we hope that —

Hubert.— You may be sure that I shall appear as soon as I have made myself presentable. 'Twas my good angel brought me back. May I ask, who is coming?

Hermine.— Only our best friends. Fortunately, no one has declined.

Hubert.— Charming!

Hermine.— The wife of Government-counselor Heuer with her four daughters —

Hubert.— So much learning en masse, each one separately is a walking encyclopedia.

Hermine.— Malicious, but true. Then your friend, the painter, Woronzow.

Hubert.— That is to say, he does not paint; he only lives here in order to get inspiration. He has lived here twenty years. He must, by this time, have gathered a marvellous amount of inspiration.

Hermine (smiling).— Slanderous tongue! And what fault have you to find with Graf Walheim?

Hubert.— None, save that he pays too much attention to you.

Hermine.— Further, Baron Marling and his wife.

Hubert.— A beautiful woman.

Hermine.— Ah, she pleases you. She is to sit at your left.

Hubert.— And at my right?

Hermine.— I.

Hubert.— Then no more. You shall be, as ever, the most beautiful and the most elegant.

Hermine.— You will say the same thing to your neighbor at the left.

Hubert.—Cruel! You misjudge me. Lady von Marling is a cold beauty, a statue. She speaks as little as if every word cost her six pfennig,—doubtless because her husband is the director of telegraphs. You, on the contrary — however, I must not disturb you any longer. I shall fly home and return a transformed man. Permit me —

Baumann (at right, with a Seidlitz powder and a glass half filled with water).—Here is the Seidlitz powder.

Hermine (softly to BAUMANN).—Did I not tell you not to bring it? How stupid!

Baumann (loudly).—I thought because Madam was so excited. May it do you good. (*Exit to the right.*)

Hubert (aside).—Something is amiss here. (*Aloud.*) You are not ill, I hope?

Hermine.—It is nothing, nothing at all! Merely an error.

Hubert.—No, you cannot deceive me. You are excited, out of sorts.—Do, please, drink the Seidlitz powder.

Hermine.—But, Baron!

Hubert (while he prepares the powder).—You must allow me this small service.

Hermine (laughing).—If you compel me —

Hubert (after throwing in the second powder).—It effervesces! Drink it quickly!

Hermine (drinks).

Hubert.—At one draught! That will make you feel better.—That is right! (*Puts away the glass.*) Do you feel better?

Hermine (gayly).—Certainly! How worried you are about me.

Hubert.—More than about my own life! Oh, I see it all. This Seidlitz powder has played the traitor; it tells me everything clearly and distinctly, everything! Hermine, you are not happy!

Hermine (with a forced laugh).—What a tragic tone! It does not become you, really.

Hubert.—No matter, when it is a question of your happiness. I have known Felix since we went to school together. He is a thoroughly good man, a thoroughly honorable man, in short, a character, and I am his friend. But —

Hermine.—No more, sir! I am his wife and demand —

Hubert.—No, I must speak! Your happiness is so dear to me that I must risk your displeasure. He is a character; therefore he is also narrow, and because he is narrow, he is unjust. He does not understand you, he will never understand you; for you —

Hermine.—I forbid you —

Hubert (continuing eagerly).— You — you are also a character, but not like him. You are high-spirited, gifted, intended for a fashionable life. You are born to rule, to command. The man who loves you must needs be at your feet, must needs regard it a favor if you raise him to yourself, fortunate man. Fatal error! How comes this Provence rose in the vegetable garden! No, do not deny it. He offered you but the well-tempered warmth of his study, where you had expected the glowing, flaming rays of passion.

Hermine.— Please go, sir; I must not hear another word from you. My husband may come at any moment. Be silent, or I shall tell him everything.

Hubert.— If you feel that I have not spoken the truth, do so. But you do feel that I have, you know it. It is in vain that you take refuge behind a pride which can not disarm me, because it is powerless against the strength of my conviction —

Hermine.— That which you call pride is only my anger at your presumption, which I —

Hubert.— Which you must forgive me.

Hermine.— Never!

Hubert.— Just one more word, Hermine, and then you may condemn me. You knew that I loved you long before Felix entered your house. I had decided to ask for your hand; I wanted to lay my whole self at your feet, for good or evil. Just then a mortal illness confined me to my bed for weeks. My first thought, when I recovered consciousness, was of you; my first glance, when I was able to rise, fell upon the card announcing your engagement. And if I cannot, even now, stifle my feelings, and overcome my grief, do I deserve your anger? Will you not now forgive me?

Hermine.— Perhaps —

Hubert (with a rapid change of tone).— And may I ask you for the first waltz this evening?

Hermine.— For aught I care, if you will only go now.

SCENE VII

HERMINE. HUBERT. FELIX (*in full dress, enters at the left, later*) BAUMANN.

Felix.— Good evening, Hubert.

Hubert.— I am merely here for the time being, Felix. I came directly from the station and have only this moment heard from your wife that I have been invited for this evening.

Baumann (from the right).— Madam, the cook wishes to ask you something. It is something about the goose liver.

Hubert.—Capital old fellow, this Baumann.

Hermine.—He is not of much use any longer. You will excuse me, Baron. We shall expect you later.

Hubert.—My dear madam! (*Exeunt HERMINE and BAUMANN to the right.*)

SCENE VIII

FELIX. HUBERT

Hubert (aside).—If I work things cleverly now, all is won. (*Aloud.*) Felix, I suppose you have had a small scene here, somewhat of a diplomatic understanding?

Felix.—How do you know about it?

Hubert.—I guessed it from some allusions made by old Baumann.—Poor friend!

Felix.—Your sympathy is in rather bad taste, I must say.

Hubert.—Because it is candid. Your wife is the best woman in the world, beautiful, amiable, clever, and, believe me, she is a character.

Felix.—At any rate, you know her better than I do. It is true, we are married; but we see each other so seldom.

Hubert.—She seeks pleasure, too much so, let us say. Why are you so weak as to let her have things her own way? Women like to be impressed. My great experience —

Felix.—Does not suit this case.

Hubert.—It does, I assure you. Women are puzzles; but he who has thoroughly solved one, knows all. I have been in this school long enough —

Felix.—And have paid dearly enough for the lesson.

Hubert.—Very dearly. The principal thing, however, is the method. Show yourself for once in all your dignity; be harsh, tyrannical, and if that has no effect, be intolerable. At first she will cry, then sulk, and then she will throw herself into your arms (*aside*), or into mine.

Felix.—Perhaps you are right. But in order to do so, we must be alone, by ourselves, and for that there is, at present, not the least prospect.

Hubert.—This evening.

Felix.—At our first party? We shall be able to say very little to each other this evening. At such times, our whole conversation consists in her whispering to me to take away her lemonade glass, or to engage one of the wall-flowers for the quadrille. Under such circumstances, it is impossible for me to be tyrannical.

Hubert.—Certainly; but follow my advice as soon as possible. You will excuse me if I come somewhat late. My dress requires arrangement. Auf Wiedersehen,—poor friend!

Felix.—The deuce. Spare me your sympathy!
Hubert (aside, in exit).—He does not suspect how I pity him. (*Exit to the right.*)

SCENE IX

FELIX. (*A moment later*) *HERMINE.* (*Then*) *BAUMANN*

Felix. (alone).—Shall I try Hubert's recipe? Or shall I find another for myself? This, however, is not the time for it; we may be interrupted by our guests at any moment. I must play the host, however inhospitable I may feel. It were best to pretend illness and go to bed; but my bed has been taken down, and goodness knows where it is to be found. Perhaps I could decamp and take a room at a hotel for the night. No, that would be cowardly! I shall remain. (*HERMINE appears in the drawing-room.*) Here she is. I believe she is really angry at me. (*Sits down on the sofa to the right.*)

Hermine (entering, aside).—It is already half-past eight. They are very late, in all probability, because no one wants to be the first to arrive. (*Seats herself in an armchair to the left, aside.*) He is angry at me. I cannot help it. Hubert is right; he does not understand me. I am a Provence rose in a vegetable garden. (*Short pause, during which they look at each other.*)

Felix.—Hermine!

Hermine.—What?

Felix.—Should we not go into the drawing-room?

Hermine.—As soon as any one comes.

Felix.—Very well. (*Short pause.*)

Hermine.—This waiting is tedious.

Felix.—Yes, indeed.

Hermine.—I am freezing.

Felix.—Have the heat turned on.

Hermine.—Impossible; the heat would become unbearable later. Please hand me my ermine wrap.

Felix.—With pleasure. (*Both arise, he helps her on with her wrap.*)

Hermine.—Thanks. (*They sit down again in their former places.*)

After a short pause, the door bell rings. They jump up.

Felix.—Some one is coming.

Hermine.—At last!

Felix.—Shall we not go to meet them?

Hermine.—It's surely the Marlings. They are always punctual. (*They go to the rear.*)

Baumann (coming towards them from the drawing-room).— Dear madam, they are — here.

Hermine.— Who, the Marlings?

Baumann.— No the goose livers. They were just brought.

Hermine (disappointed).— Oh!

Felix.— Go back to your post, Baumann.

Baumann.— At once. (As he starts to go to the right, he glances through the window.) A carriage!

Hermine.— Hurry! Open the carriage door!

Baumann.— It has passed. Oh, how I wish they would come! (Exit to the right.)

SCENE X

FELIX. HERMINE

Hermine (sits down again).— How tiresome!

Felix.— Terrible! (Also sits down.) Hubert will come rather late.

Hermine.— Is that so?

Felix.— It has been a fine day, somewhat raw, to be sure.

Hermine.— What are you leading up to?

Felix.— I am making an effort to begin a conversation.

Hermine.— A very weak effort.

Felix.— You should have helped me.

Hermine.— What can we talk about now?

Felix.— Really, I have no idea.

Hermine (rises and goes to the table).— I wonder are the place cards properly arranged. (Pretends to be busy at the right side of the table.)

Felix (goes to the left side of the table).— Where do I sit, anyhow?

Hermine.— Just where you are standing now.

Felix.— As far as possible from you.

Hermine.— It could not be arranged otherwise.

Felix.— I am convinced of that. (Looks at several cards.) At my right old mother Heuer, at my left, the aunt of Graf Walheim — charming, what provision you have made for me!

Hermine.— I had to provide for my guests, first of all.

Felix.— Undoubtedly. (Sits down at the table and pretends to be speaking to some one beside him.) Dear madam, you go to many parties, I suppose? Will you have white or red?

Hermine.— What are you doing?

Felix.— I am arranging a rehearsal of our conversation at table this evening. It is only in order that I may be sure I know how to act. (Con-

tinues rapidly.) Do you often go to the theater, dear madam? No? Naturally! I see you frequently in the lobby; I had the pleasure at the last concert, too. You say the pleasure was all yours; no, indeed, it was all mine! Do you like the new tenor? His high C is more than high; it is inspired. He is said to come from a very good family. He has a brother in Manchester, who is a rich silk merchant; there is a rumor that he is the possessor of millions. His sister is married to a building contractor, whom I met in Baden-Baden. Do you like Baden-Baden?

Hermine (laughing).— You are ludicrous!

Felix.— Do not interrupt.— Yes, dear madam, away, over there, in the distant horizon, sits my wife. I would much rather be conversing with her at this moment than with you; but fate has decreed otherwise. Shall I put another piece of calf's head on your plate?

Hermine.— Your rehearsal was not at all bad. I never thought you could be so delightfully malicious.

Felix (rising).— And you now perceive it for the first time, after we have been married four months, and one moment before the arrival of our guests! And this time, too, I am but the makeshift, who, at most, is useful only to help you pass a few tedious moments.

Hermine.— Did you ever take the trouble to entertain me?

Felix.— I only took the trouble to try and make you happy.

Hermine.— I am happy when I am merry.

Felix.— I am harder to please; I demand much more in order to be happy. I could not find it in me to trifle with you, once I had decided to live with you.

Hermine.— Listen! Did you not hear anything?

Felix.— No.

Hermine.— I thought some one was ringing.

Felix.— You were mistaken. (*The bell rings.*)

Hermine.— But now! (*She takes off the ermine wrap, and goes towards the rear.*)

Felix (aside).— What a pity!

SCENE XI

The former. LOTTE (from the right)

Hermine.— What is it? Who has come?

Lotte.— The hair-dresser. He forgot his curling irons when he was here.

Hermine.— Take them to him. (*Aside.*) How annoying, to wait so long! (*Exit LOTTE to the right.*)

SCENE XII

FELIX. HERMINE

Hermine (goes to the window and softly drums on the pane).

Felix (seats himself again at the table and pours himself a glass of wine).

Hermine (turns and sees it).— Felix, what are you doing!

Felix.— I am thirsty. (He drinks.)

Hermine.— Inexcusable!

Felix.— A charming state of affairs. I am in my own house and should like to make myself comfortable in the evening; but instead of that, I must sit here in my dress suit and be bored. I have cigars and must not smoke them; I have wine and must not drink it; I have a wife and must not be alone with her. My study is cleared out and serves as a wardrobe. My desk is in the store-room; my books are in the linen closet; where my comfortable easy chair has gotten to, the gods alone can tell. I am furious and must play the amiable man. And all this for whom? For people, not one of whom interests me in the least; for whom, in fact, I do not care. Why, I am not the family physician of even one of them. Yes, our most gracious Madam Government-counselor at my right, and our most charming lady-aunt at my left, you are of the utmost indifference to me. (Rises as if to make a toast.) And you, my worthy guests, make yourselves at home; for I should be very glad were you indeed at home. With this sentiment, I raise my glass and say, fare ye well!

Hermine (laughing).— Your malice is irresistible!

Felix.— But in vain. They are coming, all of them; they will eat their fill, they will gossip, they will dance, and I must smile to them. But my smile will be nothing but a sugar-coated dynamite bomb. Hermine, how different things might be! How comfortably we could sit here together— by ourselves, and chat —

Hermine.— And yawn. A whole evening by ourselves! I have no idea what we could do to pass the time.

Felix.— We should not try to pass the time; we should be glad if the moments linger.

Hermine.— But we must find some diversion.

Felix.— On the contrary, we should spend the time calmly. We should give audience to our good spirits, the shy house spirits who are frightened away by noise, and are summoned forth by quietness. They dare not appear at parties; but when two people are alone, by themselves, two people who love — hush, here they come! Do you not hear?

Hermine.— No, not yet.

Felix.— But you will hear them. There is still too much dance music

ringing in your ears. They are already here and they are whispering of the charm and blessing of home life. And suddenly this apparition of the invitations, the ball-room, and the long tables disappears. We are in my study, naturally not in the one that is cleared out; let us imagine it in its normal condition.

Hermine.— I imagine it.

Felix.— I am sitting in my comfortable easy chair (*sits down in an armchair*) and am smoking a cigar. May I light one?

Hermine.— No, indeed!

Felix.— Then let's imagine it. You are sitting at some little distance from me, on a low chair. Will you be so kind?

Hermine (sits down in an armchair).— Well, I am sitting here.

Felix.— I sharply close a heavy book which I have been reading till now; you lay aside your needle work, which is, naturally, to be a surprise for my birthday.

Hermine.— What next?

Felix.— Now we are glad that we are in our cosy room, during this blinding snowstorm.

Hermine (looking out).— It is not snowing at all.

Felix.— That's nothing. We are pretending that it is; it will put us in the right frame of mind. My lamp throws its pleasant glow upon your dear face, and I find you charming in your simple house dress. The snow-storm becomes more and more violent; you are apprehensive and move nearer to me. (*HERMINE moves her chair.*) The wind whistles and howls, and we hear a broken window-pane go clattering down from the second floor onto the pavement. You become more apprehensive and move still nearer.

Hermine.— Still nearer? (*She moves very close to him.*)

Felix.— I dispel your apprehension with a kiss.

Hermine.— Can we not imagine that too?

Felix.— Impossible! That I must give you (*kisses her*).

Hermine.— So far, I like the thing very well.

Felix.— You place your hand in mine. (*HERMINE does so.*) We let the events of the past go in procession before our mind's eye, and dream of the future, where we —

Hermine (quickly).— Let us rather remain at the past.

Felix.— As you wish. We confess all sorts of small secrets of the days when our love was beginning, of the time when you were still my unattainable ideal, about whom I raved at a distance.

Hermine.— Yes, you were dreadfully timid, and I used to laugh at you.

Felix.— There you are. And I bribed old Baumann to spy on you. Thus I discovered —

Hermine.— What?

Felix.— That you had confided to your mother that I danced quite miserably.

Hermine.— But I secretly painted your portrait. At first, you see, I persuaded myself that it was only your interesting head that had captivated the artist within me.

Felix.— Fortunately, however, you were no artist.

Hermine.— And your head was not at all interesting. I soon discovered that the thing that really interested me was your heart.

Felix.— And since then you have given up painting altogether.

Hermine.— Oh, I can still paint. I'll wager I can make a good likeness of you in a few strokes.

Felix.— I don't believe you can.

Hermine.— You shall see.

Felix (*pulling out his memorandum book*).— Here is my notebook. You may draw me in it.

Hermine.— But you will have to sit very quietly.

Felix.— Like a pillar of salt.

Hermine (*begins to draw*).— Head more to the left; now a little more to the right. (*She raises his head*.) Now, look pleasant!

Felix.— If you wish, I shall even look happy.

Hermine (*drawing*).— No,— no, it is not a likeness.

Felix (*takes the book and looks at it*).— Can this be I? It looks like Samiel in "Der Freischutz."

Hermine (*sighing*).— I have forgotten a great deal. Why do I never have time?

Felix.— Because you have too much time.

Hermine.— It is really sad that I should never have time.

Felix.— You must pretend to be sick again, as at that time.

Hermine.— Yes, I only did that in order that I might be able to speak to you.

Felix.— I know. 'You must come at once to mademoiselle,' said old Baumann. 'Mademoiselle has a cold.' I did not wait to hear another word, but instead of declaring my love, I only felt your pulse six times, although it was entirely unnecessary, and read you a lecture on colds and their deeper significance.

Hermine.— Then you wrote a prescription, which I took up as though it were a love letter.

Felix.— At home, however, I wrote something far different. Let me confess — but do not be frightened — it was an awful mixture.

Hermine.— Surely, not poison!

Felix.— Oh, no, verses.

Hermine (laughing).— Why did you not show them to me?

Felix.— Thank goodness, I never sank so low! But it was touching, heartrending:

‘My bleeding heart
Suffers great smart,
And in my breast
There is no rest.
My thoughts are of you,
And I always feel blue,
And this indescribable care
Haunts me like a nightmare.’

Hermine.— Poor fellow!

Felix.— And then, my modes of address. At first I called you simply, ‘Lovely creature,’ later, ‘Sweet child,’ or ‘Goddess of my songs,’ and once, when you did not give me a favor in the cotillion —

Hermine (frankly).— There were no more.

Felix.— Then I felt out of tune with the whole world, and I called you: ‘Serpent deceiving.’ This I rhymed with, ‘Oh, how I am grieving!’ It was simply awful!

Hermine.— ‘Serpent deceiving,’— that is the language of real jealousy. I must give you a kiss for that.

Felix.— Gratefully accepted. (*They kiss. The door bell rings; they jump up.*)

Hermine.— Oh, these everlasting disturbances!

Felix.— It is really inconsiderate of our guests not to leave us alone.

Hermine.— Why are they so late! Now they might have stayed at home altogether.

Felix.— You cannot expect that, after you have yourself invited them.

SCENE XIII

The former. BAUMANN (from the right)

Felix (to BAUMANN).— Well, who is here?

Baumann.— Nobody.

Hermine.— Who rang then?

Baumann.— I hardly dare to say it.

Felix.— Who was it? Out with it!

Baumann.— Myself. I went out into the street to see whether any of the carriages were coming; just then the door clapped to behind me and locked me out.

Hermine.— How provoking! See to it that we are not again needlessly disturbed.

Felix.— Yes, allow no one to enter. Guard the way with your life. Barricade the door! Pull up the drawbridge! I shall defend myself against our guests to the last drop of blood!

Baumann.— You are surely jesting; we have delighted so long in the thought —

Hermine.— Yes, we have been awfully delighted! Go, now, Baumann.

Baumann.— At once. (*Exit to the right.*)

SCENE XIV

FELIX. HERMINE

Hermine.— Felix!

Felix.— What do you wish?

Hermine.— Do you really think that the people who will come to-night are false friends?

Felix.— At least not true ones.

Hermine.— But Hubert, surely, is your friend?

Felix.— Perhaps. He has good cause to be thankful to me.

Hermine.— Thankful to you? Why?

Felix.— I once saved his life.

Hermine.— Did you? You never told me about it.

Felix.— Why should I have told you?

Hermine.— Tell me, please!

Felix.— Well, it was shortly before our engagement; Baron Hubert had a small affair of honor. It had long been whispered in society that he was assiduously devoted to a lady. But the lady, as it happened, was already married.

Hermine.— Married? (*Aside.*) Oh, the hypocrite!

Felix.— One day, the insulted husband found out about this gallantry; they fought a duel, and Baron Hubert was badly wounded.

Hermine.— Go on, go on.

Felix.— The physicians had already given him up. I was his schoolmate, and made every effort to save him. I was successful; that is all.

Hermine (aside).— And he — oh, fie! How could I be so blind! And are these the people we seek to please! (*Aloud.*) Felix, perhaps the terrible snow storm is preventing the people from coming?

Felix (gayly).— But it is not snowing at all.

Hermine.— I wish it were!

Felix.— Are you in earnest?

Hermine.— I still have so much to tell you; and what do we really care about these strangers?

Felix.— I agree with you.

Hermine.— Let them come; we shall act as though they were not here.

Felix.— If you think —

Hermine (passionately).— Felix, I deserved this lesson; I — I —

Felix.— What is the matter?

Hermine (throws herself into his arms).— I love you, Felix!

Felix (earnestly).— Hermine, my wife!

Hermine.— You fool, why did you not open my eyes sooner! Could I believe in the joys of a world that I had never seen? In this small world, which is yet greater than the large one? Let me be your pupil; teach me the magic of that deep, quiet happiness that is a thousand times better than loud, tumultuous joys. Let us fly far, far from the world!

Felix.— Need we fly any further than into our own house, Hermine? Do these four walls not give us shelter enough? Let us live for each other here, we and our true friends. That self-seeking and empty society, those people who are agreeable only out of calculation, who do one homage out of vanity, who know merely friendliness not friendship, amiableness instead of love,— those people shall cross our threshold to-night for the first and last time!

Hermine.— For the first and last time! Just look here! (*She hurries to the table and changes several cards.*)

Felix (in front, aside).— Who said there are no miracles! We are alone for the first time in four months, on the evening of our first great party. (*Observes HERMINE and goes to the table.*) What are you doing?

Hermine.— Look here!

Felix.— I no longer sit near the two relics of the good old days! Where then?

Hermine (triumphantly).— Here!

Felix (following her motion).— Near you? What will people say?

Hermine.— Whatever they please. We two should be together.

Felix.— That is what I say.

Hermine (drawing out a card).— Here is my dance card. Have the goodness to engage me at once.

Felix.— For which dances?

Hermine.— For as many as possible.

Felix (writing on the card).— Just as you wish.

Hermine.— And you must court me; that is my only condition. How vexed they will all be!

Felix.— That shall be attended to promptly. Yes, how bored they will be!

Hermine.— And we shall move the hands of the clocks two hours forward, so that they will leave early.

Felix.— Yes, we could also get up a conflagration; such a general panic —

Hermine.— I agree; I hate them all!

Felix.— Hermine, I have never been so happy since our engagement, I must again write poetry:

Oh, my dear wife,
You were very ill;
Your cure is now rife.
Praise God, we will!

Hermine.— Magnificent! Yes, I am cured forever.

Felix.— (*looking at his watch*). And do you know what time it is?

Hermine.— No.

Felix.— Five minutes of ten.

Hermine.— Impossible! And our guests —

Felix.— I can't understand it! Has heaven performed a miracle in favor of a poor husband? Experience is against it.

Hermine.— This is absolutely uncanny. Why, I wrote all the invitations myself.

Felix.— And did you mail them yourself?

Hermine.— No, I gave them to Lotte. She surely can't have — (*rings*).

SCENE XV

FELIX. HERMINE. LOTTE. (*Later*) BAUMANN

Lotte (*comes from the drawing-room*).— Did madam ring?

Hermine.— The other day I gave you some invitations; did you mail them?

Lotte.— I gave them to Baumann, because he was just going out.

Felix (*opens the door at right and calls*).— Baumann!

Baumann (*from the right*).— Did you call? Everything has been attended to.

Felix.— And the invitations?

Baumann (*taken aback*).— The invitations? I do not know —

Lotte.— But I gave them to you last Wednesday morning.

Baumann (*repeating mechanically*).— Last Wednesday morning. Did you? I must have attended to them; I must — (*reflecting*.) Of course I have attended to them! I wore this very coat that day. I stuck them into this pocket, and —

Felix (catching hold of BAUMANN's pocket).—And here they are still.
Baumann.—Oh, unhappy mortal that I am! (Sinks down upon the sofa.)

Felix (pulling a large number of small envelopes of the same size out of BAUMANN's pocket).—This is charming! No wonder not one of them declined. Our whole party is to be found in the pocket of old Baumann. (He breaks open one of the invitations and reads) 'Dr. and Mrs. Volkart have the honor —' etc., etc. The other invitations, probably, contain the same words. Victory, we are saved!

Hermine.—And I have been running about like mad, for the last three days! And look at all the fine food!

Felix.—We shall eat it all ourselves.

Hermine.—Lotte, run to the kitchen, quickly! Save as much as possible! (Exit LOTTE to the right.)

Felix (to BAUMANN, who is still lying upon the sofa as if stunned).—Brace up, old brick! It isn't a matter of life and death.

Baumann (contritely).—Oh, madam, sir, send me away; I do not deserve any better. It is true, I had the honor and the pleasure of carrying madam in my arms; but I am no longer fit for anything. The thought that our dear little baroness had become a woman, a woman who gives parties. This thought gave me happiness beyond measure, and in my joy, in my happiness, I must have forgotten —

Hermine.—You are already forgiven, Baumann.

Felix.—Forgiven? No, on the contrary, were I a prince, Baumann, I should confer upon you, at least, a patent of nobility. You have given me the most agreeable disappointment of my whole life. Give me your hand.

Hermine.—And give me the other. (The bell rings.)

Baumann (starting up).—Now some one is coming (hurries off to the right.)

Felix.—Credulous soul! He still has hopes.

Hermine.—But what if guests did come —

Felix.—Without being invited! Oh, no. Tomorrow, however, I shall have it published broadcast that Dr. and Mrs. Volkart will be at home this winter only in the morning, from five to six. And now —

Hermine.—Now we shall celebrate our party — by ourselves. The table is covered, the rooms are brilliantly illuminated, we are in full evening dress, and we shall be riotously merry.

Felix.—And have a capital supper. Do you hear now what the house-spirits whisper?

Hermine.—Very clearly.

Baumann (returning).—The pianist has come.

Felix.—Then tell him to sit down at once at the grand piano in the ball room and play a waltz. (*Exit BAUMANN through the drawing-room, with a deep bow.*) Madam, may I ask you for the first waltz?

Hermine (pulling out her dance card).—Sir, you have already engaged me for it some time ago. (*From behind the scenes come the strains of a waltz.*)

Felix.—Your arm, madam!

Hermine.—Forever! (*Exeunt both through the drawing-room. The music continues. The stage remains empty for a second. The bell rings.*)

Baumann (comes from the drawing-room and goes to the window).—Who is ringing again? (*Opens the window and looks out.*) It is Herr von Berkow; I recognize his carriage. But it is my master's wish to remain alone. (*The bell rings again, more loudly. He closes the window.*) Yes, yes, ring as long as you please. I wouldn't dream of opening. (*Sits down on the sofa, crossing his arms upon his breast.*)

(*FELIX and HERMINE become visible dancing in the drawing-room. While the waltz continues and the bell is again violently rung, the curtain slowly falls.*)

ARTHUR SCHNITZLER

BY PAUL H. GRUMMANN

VIENNA, with its peculiar traditions, accepted German naturalism only with modifications. Hermann Bahr, notable as a critic, produced a number of naturalistic dramas without, however, making a profound impression. Indeed, Vienna seemed to be turning away from naturalism to an artificial, snobbish romanticism, when Arthur Schnitzler sounded a new note in a series of dramatic dialogues published under the title of *Anatol*. Schnitzler had been born in Vienna in 1862, where he devoted himself to the study and practice of medicine, serving for a time as assistant in the larger hospitals. Keen and philosophical by nature, the psychological problems presented in his practice became so interesting to him that he turned from his profession to his old pastime of poetry for a career.

At first sight it might seem that Schnitzler's attitude toward his work would be identical with Hauptmann's. Hauptmann, however, approaches his work in the spirit of the professional psychologist. He presents characters that illustrate various psychological principles. This is done so cleverly, to be sure, that the process is not to be discerned in the finished drama. In Schnitzler we have a keen, scientifically trained man, who turns his ability as a diagnostician loose upon his environment, and records what he sees. Since Vienna is his environment, and since he is interested in moral problems, the erotic element occupies a large place in his works. His attitude has been termed cynical — an opinion which is scarcely correct. He is objective in agreement with the naturalistic point of view.

A careful reading of *Anatol* ('92) must convince any unbiased reader of this fact. *Anatol* is an introspective poet, a man of exquisite culture and jaded nerve, who analyzes his emotions and broods over his experiences. He is presented in seven love adventures — at most of which Max, his practical, half cynical friend, is present. This gives the author constant opportunity for subtle character contrasts. As might be expected, *Anatol* in his many adventures does not meet a single woman of real self respect. Max readily estimates these women at their true worth; *Anatol* takes a melancholy delight in his many disappointments. The attempt to identify Schnitzler himself with *Anatol* is as absurd as the confounding of a physician with his patient. This identification is probably due to the

entire lack of preaching in the book, for one of the great virtues of the author is that he confines himself rigidly to characterization.

Among the acquaintances of Anatol we find the 'Sweet Girlie' (Süsze Mädl), of Viennese life, 'the suburban girl who loves in the city and marries in the suburb.' She appears in many of Schnitzler's works, and has been depicted with so much cleverness and success that the reader is tempted to overestimate her importance in the works of the poet. Schnitzler does not make any type representative of a fixed morality, therefore we find all shades of virtue and vice in these girls. He has little of Anatol's patience for those — many in number — who are not worth consideration, but the major part of his attention is devoted to those whose lives are distorted by the unfortunate conditions that have grown up in our modern life. Conventionalism has been too ready to condemn every woman who has ever taken a false step. The conventional standards have not even acted as a deterrent to the young girl at the door of womanhood — and the confession of good and bad in this connection is one of the greatest blots upon our modern civilization. As a man of science, Schnitzler was naturally cautious about developing new and binding principles of conduct. His earlier works, however, show that he was interested deeply in two questions: the rescuing of those who are worthy of a life of self-respect, and the significance of the double standard of ethics for men and women.

Both of these questions enter into the first drama, 'The Fairy-tale' ('94). It depicts the tragedy of Fanny Theren, the daughter of a widow, who has not had the character and intelligence necessary to guide her two daughters properly. Fanny, during her adolescence, becomes infatuated with a young man of no self-respect, and becomes his victim. From this relation she is rescued by a young physician, who becomes her lover, but later forsakes her for a conventional marriage. She enters the stage where she has a measure of success. She now makes the acquaintance of Fedor Denner, who at a reception in her home defends the thesis that a woman with a past is not necessarily to be condemned. He refers pointedly to the fairy tale of our prejudices on this topic. This gives Fanny a new self-respect, and inspired by it she rises to real triumphs in her art. But Denner realizes that Fanny has a past, and in spite of his professions of faith in an equal standard of morality for men and women, his ardor cools. Repeated desperate attempts on the part of Fanny to win him back are of no avail. His feelings completely dominate his convictions. Fanny gives up this last hope and accepts a call to the St. Petersburg stage. In contrast with Fanny, her conventional sister, Klara, becomes a music teacher, and is not beset by temptations. She marries a good-natured correct official many years her senior, and settles down to a life of philistinism.

Again and again Schnitzler utilized the observations which he had made as a physician in his works. His interest, however, is confined to the psychic phases of his characters. This is particularly evident in his novel, 'Dying' ('95), the record of the death of a young consumptive. The instinct to live is portrayed with rare skill. We follow the man from his optimistic hopes of ultimate recovery, to his feeling of being completely forsaken — forsaken by friends, parents, and finally by his sweetheart, who refuses to die with him, for she also is lured by that mysterious impulse to live on.

His first works gave evidence that Schnitzler was able to express himself artistically. Few German authors are to be compared with him in this respect. Conscious of his ability in this field, he devoted himself to the further perfecting of his remarkable style. Hostile critics concluded prematurely that he was therefore devoid of the higher creative faculty, a criticism that was silenced completely by his first great triumph in the drama — the appearance of 'Flirtation' ('95).

Hans Weiring, violinist in a Vienna theater, has been a widower for years. He has been a model brother, shielding his sister from the many temptations about her. She remains a spinster, and her life passes by without real joy. At her death Weiring is confronted by the question whether he has after all rendered a great service to her. He is haunted by the memory of her quiet resignation, and feels that he is to blame for the utter lack of inspiration and joy in her existence. As a musician at the theater, he naturally comes to value the romantic sides of life, and therefore he decides that he will not stand over his daughter Christine with as firm a hand as he had in the case of his sister. Christine, in her most impressionable years, becomes acquainted with Mizi, who does not possess a vestige of virtue. Mizi throws a glamor over her love affairs, and introduces Christine to Fritz Lobheimer. Christine is told that this is only a temporary relation, but her innate purity makes her assume that it must be more. Lobheimer has an entanglement with a married woman, and he subordinates Christine to this other interest. The husband whom he is betraying traps him and challenges him to a duel. On the night before this duel is fought, Fritz comes to Christine's home and realizes from the atmosphere of the humble place that Christine is superior in every way. Nothing is said of the duel, and no farewell is taken. After his death Christine realizes what a trivial part she has played in his life and commits suicide. Her lapse is motivated not only by the absence of a mother and the beautiful but unsound lenience of her father — but also by the attitude of various characters of her environment who indirectly help in shaping her inner life.

A summer resort in the vicinity of Vienna is the scene of the next play, 'Free Game' ('96). The theatrical company is the center of interest in

this rather insignificant place. Anna Riedel, an orphan, has joined this company in order to make a place for herself as an actress. Her talent and general intelligence command respect, but she has not reckoned with her environment. No one in the company expects her to maintain her self-respect. The manager regrets that she has not become the object of attentions from a number of the lascivious patrons of the place, for the actresses that maintain such relations are profitable to him. Some of her associates feel a certain contempt for her, others are angered at her supposed superciliousness. She wins the respect of Paul Rönnung, a wealthy young man who has just recovered from a serious illness. Paul understands her desperate situation, and tries to shield her. He has even offered her financial assistance, but she has had the good sense to refuse it. Among the guests is Lieutenant Karniski, a rake of the worst type. He is hopelessly involved in gambling debts and love affairs. Without provocation, he has struck down a civilian and expects to be expelled from the service. This man brags publicly that he can get Anna's acceptance to an after-theater lunch. He goes to her room and is not admitted. When his failure is disclosed to the company, Paul cannot suppress a faint smile, at which Karniski becomes incensed. Although Paul makes every possible attempt to evade him, Karniski continues to grill him and besmirches Anna's character until Paul strikes him. The plain justice of Paul's action is admitted by every one present, including Karniski's closest friends. The military traditions of course call for a duel, but to the amazement of Karniski's seconds, Paul flatly refuses to fight. After his illness he is intoxicated with the joy of being alive. He looks upon his act merely as a just punishment for Karniski, but even his own seconds and his dearest friends disagree with him. Every man of standing withdraws his hand from him because he undertakes to violate such a sacred institution. Karniski, according to the code, loses his honor and decides to avenge himself upon Paul. Anna hears of the difficulty and hurries to Paul in order to rescue him. Although she does not love him, she offers to go away with him. Paul is warned, but resolutely refuses to flee and is killed by Karniski.

This satire is so convincing because the author has depicted the power of an old institution over various types of men. Poldi Grehlinger, the hidebound dandy of Vienna sporting circles, looks upon the code as the law and the prophets. Even Dr. Wellner, a man of scientific training and liberal in most matters, feels that social forms must give every man an opportunity to protect his honor.

At this period ('96-'97) ten dialogues were written which were subsequently published under the title of 'Roundels.' At a first glance the reader wonders whether the author was ambitious to vie with Boccaccio, Rousseau,

and Paul de Kock in the portrayal of sensuousness. Yet it must be admitted that this book, especially when it is read in connection with the other works of this period, is of peculiar value. It divests the erotic relations of all glamor that might attach to them *per se*. The prostitute, the soldier, the chambermaid, the young man, the young wife, the husband, the 'sweet girlie,' the poet, the actress, and the count reveal their psychic reactions in all their crudeness and banality. The book is a proper reminder that these characters differ radically from those described in the other dramas and novels.

In bold contrast with this work 'The Legacy' ('98) portrays a relation, which to conventional society is sinful, but is pure from a broadly human point of view. Adolf Losatti, professor and national representative, has been a prominent liberal for years. This has involved little danger and sacrifice, for he has always been punctilious in honoring the conventions. Wherever the conventions have not interfered, he has felt free to yield to moral laxness. His wife, originally a woman of some spontaneity, has gradually learned to suppress her impulses in accordance with his wishes. His son, Hugo, a man of charming personality, becomes infatuated with Toni Weber, who falls in love with him so completely that she leaves her narrow father in order to live with him. A child is born to them, and Hugo assumes full responsibility for it by supporting the two and visiting them secretly. He is brought home mortally injured by a fall during a horseback ride. He now reveals his secret to his parents and demands that his child and its mother be taken into the family. This 'legacy' is accepted at first, but when the child dies, Toni is turned out with the result that she commits suicide. Hugo's sister, Franziska, shows a deep sympathy for Toni. She is engaged to a young physician, who has all of the petty virtues of the self-made philistine. Since he has played an important part in making this home impossible for Toni, Franziska breaks her engagement with him. Without the slightest preaching, this drama establishes the validity of genuine morality in conflict with conventional standards. Losatti, the illiteral liberal is not at all shocked that his son should have a mistress, but he is dumbfounded that he should remain true to her. It pains him that his son could think of rearing this illegitimate child in the very neighborhood where his family lives. Each act closes with a death scene. This has been criticized as conventional and weak, but the scenes are so varied and the climax in the third act is built up so skilfully, that the criticism loses its validity.

'The Wife of the Wise Man' ('98) is a series of five novelettes which describe episodes in which a man is deceived by his wife, whom he forgives for her lapses. With rare skill Schnitzler has avoided all danger of having

his wise man seem ridiculous. The erring wife and the betrayer are portrayed with such subtle irony that no doubt of the author's intention can remain. His point of view clearly is that these relations must be analyzed objectively and understood if they are to be outgrown effectively.

Under the title of the last play of the series, three one-act dramas 'Paracelsus,' 'The Companion,' and 'The Green Cockatoo,' were published in '99. The motto of the book is: 'We are always playing; he who knows it, is wise.' Each play gives an effective illustration of the importance of our illusions. The thesis of the book is put forward most clearly in the first play. Theophrastus Hohenheim returns to his native city Basel, after he has won fame as a wonder-working physician under the name of Paracelsus. Ignoring the commonplace realities of life he forms an interesting counterpart to Cyprian, the armorer of Basel, who is happy in the possession of this world's goods. Cyprian has a beautiful wife and takes delight in the fact that he is able to protect her against her many admirers. Although he knows of her early love for Paracelsus, he brings this man to his home. He further wounds the pride of Paracelsus by twisting him with his apparent insignificance. Paracelsus proceeds to reevaluate values. He hypnotizes Cyprian's wife and puts her under the suggestion that she has been guilty of infidelity. When Cyprian's anger has been fully aroused by this he changes the suggestion and commands her to speak the absolute truth. She now relates that she had been in love with Paracelsus and that she had married Cyprian because she desired a safe happiness. She tells that she has outgrown her love for Paracelsus, but confesses that she really had been sorely tempted by another man on that very day. Cyprian is quite willing now to have the suggestion of absolute truthfulness removed. He is content to live henceforth with illusions and promises to do so in a more humble manner.

'The Companion' takes us into another world. Professor Robert Pilgram had married a woman much younger than himself, and had realized that he had lost her affection. He consoles himself by devoting himself to his profession with increased zeal and takes the matter philosophically. He realizes that she is in love with Dr. Alfred Hausmann, his assistant, and he feels certain that the time is not distant when she will insist upon a separation. The wife suddenly dies, and Robert is ready to meet Alfred as a friend and console him, when he learns that this man is announcing his engagement to another woman to whom he has been engaged secretly for two years. Robert feels now that his wife has been degraded unspeakably. Not until he learns that his wife had been informed of the nature of her relations, does Robert realize the web of illusions in which he has been

living,— he who has inwardly prided himself that he has fathomed this woman at every step.

The third play takes place on the night of the storming of the Bastille. Prosperi, the director of a theater, has hit upon the unique plan of operating something like a theater in a tavern. He buys the 'Green Cockatoo Tavern,' retains his actors and has them relate all kinds of supposed experiences in the guise of truth. The fact that some of their stories are half true throws a peculiar illusion of reality over the performance. The profligate aristocracy of Paris find that this type of entertainment produces the desired creeps. They flock to the tavern and mingle with the players. Thus it turns out that at these gatherings many play the part of criminals without being criminals, others recite their crimes without being taken seriously — some believe themselves to be criminals without proper justification — others again are criminals without becoming conscious of the fact. The illusions of these men and women are so hopelessly tangled that their life resolves itself into a Chinese puzzle. The most serious criticism that was leveled at this play was that the author allowed his cleverness to tempt him into a plot that is so complex that it resembles trickery rather than art. It can not be denied, however, that he succeeded in producing the illusion that he desired to create.

Bologna in the days of Cæsar Borgia furnished the background for an historical drama, 'The Veil of Beatrice' ('00). Nardi, an old engraver of Bologna has lost his reason because his wife has become untrue to him. Her lapses threaten to demoralize the whole family. The oldest child, Rosena, is completely corrupted. Francesco, the son, enters military service because he is disgusted with his home. He determines, moreover, to protect his sister Beatrice, a beautiful girl of sixteen, from the dangers that threaten her. The poet Loschi has sung many love songs to Teresina, the sister of Count Andrea Fantuzzi. At a time when he is crazed by her coldness, he meets Beatrice, and falls in love with her. Bologna is in danger of falling into the hands of Borgia, and Loschi decides to flee from the city with Beatrice. When all is in readiness, she relates her strange dream of the previous night. She has dreamed that Duke Lionardo Bentivoglio, the master of Bologna, had made her his bride, and that all of Bologna, including Loschi, had bowed before her throne. Loschi looks upon this dream as evidence of spiritual infidelity, breaks with Beatrice, and sends her home. Her brother, Francesco, ignorant of all this, fears, nevertheless, for the future of his sister and determines to marry her to an unassuming young craftsman, the apprentice of his father. Beatrice consents, but just as they depart for the priest Lionardo intercepts them. Lionardo expects defeat on the next day and has resolved to spend his last

night with the most beautiful woman of Bologna. When he learns that Beatrice is on the way to her marriage he refuses to interfere until he perceives that she herself is wavering. She consents to follow the Duke if he will make her his wife. This condition is granted, and Beatrice receives a costly veil as a bridal gift. All of the fair ones of Bologna are invited to the wedding, at the climax of which Beatrice disappears. She goes back to Loschi and again declares her love. She consents to die with him, but when Loschi actually takes poison she is controlled by the youthful impulse to live — to live at any cost. With the excuse that she has been praying in a chapel she returns to Leonardo, who discovers that she has lost her veil. He threatens to kill her if she refuses to lead him to the place where it has been lost. At first she refuses, but once more her love of mere life dominates her. Leonardo at first is shocked when he sees that this girl could forsake the poet whom he loved and adored above all other men of Bologna. Beatrice implores him to kill her, and when he refuses to do so Francesco, her brother, rises to the occasion, thus making good his early resolutions. The gist of the tragedy is contained in Leonardo's last words to Beatrice:

Were you not but a child — O Beatrice,
That dallied with the crown because it glittered;
A poet's soul because it held enigmas,
A young man's heart — because a happy chance
Presented it to you? But we, too haughty,
Scorned what you did — and each of us desired
To be your only toy — nay more — to be
The world to you. And so we called your deeds
Deceit and outrage — and you were *a child*.

With 'Mrs. Bertha Garlan' ('01) the author returns to the novel. This book is a remarkably sympathetic analysis of the inner life of a woman. In her youth Bertha attends a conservatory of music and falls in love with a young musician. Her father takes her out of school and secretly informs the young man that his attentions must cease. Later she marries Garlan, a petty official in a provincial town. After three years of monotonous married life, during which she gives birth to a son, Garlan dies. Bertha spends three years of her widowhood in dull routine, rounding out her modest income by giving music lessons. The advances made to the young woman, who is still singularly beautiful, awaken her old dream of happiness. She reads the announcements of her triumphs of the former lover, who is to appear at a concert in Vienna, and addresses a note to him. He invites her to a rendezvous, and she does what she had refused to do as a girl — surrenders to him without resistance. Although she makes no

conditions, her innate respectability leads her to consider this bond as permanent, while to him it is an interesting episode. She returns to her village where she witnesses the tragic death of a young woman, who has thrown herself away for sensuous pleasures. This clarifies her views. 'Kneeling at this death bed, she knew that she was not one of those who, endowed with a frivolous nature, are permitted to drink the joys of life without hesitation.'

A novelette, 'Lieutenant Gustl' ('01), relates the monologue of the officer of that name on the night before his duel. Against his wishes he finds it necessary to attend a concert, which becomes an ordeal to him. Exasperating incidents at the check room threaten to upset his temper completely, when a master baker seizes his arm and whispers into his ear, 'If you do not behave I shall draw your sword, break it, and send it to your regiment. Do you understand, you foolish boy.' The conditions make immediate retaliation impossible, and Gustl's honor is compromised a second time. Since the baker may tell the episode, Gustl feels that he must obey the code and commit suicide. For fifty pages we follow the disjointed ante-mortem mutterings of this platitudinous officer. Finally he makes up his mind that he might as well eat breakfast before his suicide, and enters a restaurant, where by accident he learns that the master baker who has insulted him has died during the night. Beside himself with joy Gustl now proceeds to the barracks for his day's service, with the resolve to 'pound his adversary to pulp' in his duel. This novelette is deservedly popular, because it gives a clear insight into the life of a considerable number of Vienna officers. During the reading of these broken sentences one is in constant danger of feeling bored, but at the end one is amazed at the vividness of the picture which the author has conveyed. Unconsciously the reader enters upon all of the thoughts and interests of this man.

Under the collective title, 'Living Hours,' four one-act plays were published in '02. They discuss certain phases of the psychology of fin-de-siècle winters. The first play, the name of which applies to the whole series, consists of a dialogue between Anton Hausdorfer, a pensioned official, and Heinrich, a literary man. Heinrich's mother, an invalid, commits suicide because she feels that she is a burden to her son. This sacrifice is accepted by Heinrich rather too lightly. Anton has enjoyed the friendship of Heinrich's mother and feels the cruelty of the young man. With patience and calmness he analyzes Heinrich's attitude and points with resigned sorrow to the 'living hours' that have been sacrificed to his literary ambition.

'The Woman with the Dagger' shows how a dream may clarify the troubled mind of the dreamer. Pauline is married to a dramatist, who is

not only untrue to her, but reveals chapters of her inner life shamelessly in his dramas. She becomes infatuated with Leonhart but wants to escape the dangers of temptation, and therefore confesses her infatuation to her husband, who decides to take her away. Before their departure Pauline meets Leonhart in a picture gallery, before the painting 'The Lady and the Dagger.' After gazing at this picture she falls asleep and dreams the following story into which she puts parts of her own experience: — Paola is married to Remigio, the painter, who has a pupil Leonardo. During the absence of the master, Leonardo wins the love of Paola. On the morning after their adventure Paola implores Leonardo to depart, but he tarries in the studio until Remigio returns. Leonardo is willing to pay the penalty for his deed — yes, implores Remigio to kill him. When the master refuses to do so, and Leonardo reviles and threatens him, Paola seizes a dagger and kills her lover. Remigio promptly grasps the artistic possibilities of the event and forces Paola to pose for the picture that has inspired this dream. When Pauline awakes from her dream she fully understands the sordidness of her husband and follows Leonhart, her lover.

In 'The Last Masks' the reader is introduced to a bit of life in a Vienna hospital. Florian, an invalid comedian, has been utilizing his time by studying the comical possibilities of this place which witnesses so many tragedies. Among the doomed men of the ward is Rademacher, a newspaper man, who expresses a desire to see Weingast, a literary man, who has been his professional rival. Rademacher explains to Florian how he will take delight in excoriating this man in the impending interview. With supreme satisfaction he rolls under his tongue the many sarcastic things that he will say, when Weingast actually appears. Rademacher, however, now fails to say a single bitter word. He has been relieved by his tirade to Florian, and in the shadow of death all of these matters shrink into insignificance to him.

'Literature' portrays Margarethe, a poetess, who has a love affair with Gilbert, a novelist, whom she eventually deserts for Clemens, a sportsman. Clemens is by no means a man of high moral principles, but he despises the men and women with whom Margarethe has associated. It is incomprehensible to him that she can put her feelings and personal experiences into poems that are published. He is unspeakably exasperated when he learns that she intends to publish a novel. Gilbert tries to win Margarethe back. He brings her his novel — fresh from the press — and it comes to light that both novels contain their love letters. Both finally confess that they had originally written these letters with the expectation of utilizing them in this manner. Clemens returns with the news that he has had the publisher destroy the whole edition of Margarethe's novel,

with the exception of a single copy which he proceeds to read. She fears disastrous consequences, seizes the book and throws it into the fire, assuring Clemens of her undying love. Nietzsche has said that poets are the most unchaste of all people because they publish their most sacred feelings. There is, however, a vital difference between an honest attempt to relate one's experiences to the larger consciousness of the race and the pervading of personal affairs — even where they are partially cloaked.

The Bohemianism which was considered so essential to the success of the artist during the last generation forms the background of the tragedy, 'The Lonely Way' (03). Wegrath, a young painter, takes his friend Fichtner to the village, where his sweetheart, Gabriele, lives. She falls desperately in love with Fichtner, and the two decide to elope. Just before the plan is to be carried out Fichtner's ardor cools — his Bohemian instincts assert themselves — and he deserts her. She now marries Wegrath, who in time becomes the director of the academy of fine arts. Gabriele becomes the mother of two children, the older of whom, Felix, is the son of Fichtner, as we may suppose. Fichtner, after some time, returns to Vienna and associates with his old friends. As his life becomes more lonesome he has a growing desire to enter into closer relations with his son. His love affairs have not given him the inspiration for great work, and finally he wanders about aimless and homeless. After Gabriele's death he returns again to Vienna and tries to claim his son by revealing the secret of his parentage, but Felix remains true to the man who has bestowed love and care upon him, and has provided for his mother. Von Sala, another character of the drama, is a cultured nobleman of the old school. He revels in sensual, intellectual and esthetic pleasures without much compunction for woes that he inflicts upon others. Less emotional and more intellectual than Fichtner, von Sala analyzes his conduct and philosophizes about it. Felix is representative of a new type. According to von Sala he has a proper sense of the fitness of things. He may be less intellectual than the older generation but he excels it in self-control.

A series of short stories under the title 'The Greek Dancer' was published in Munich in '04. The work is of subsidiary importance, and does not call for special discussion. The tendency of individuals to look upon their moral problems as unique and not subject to the principles that are binding for others has been illustrated in many of Schnitzler's works. This question is treated with particular force in 'The Interlude' ('05). Amadeus Adams, director of an orchestra, is married to Cæcilia, a noted prima donna. Both have the artists' characteristic megalomania, which plays havoc with their moral perception. They see the moral laxness and trickery of their acquaintances and resolve to put their life upon the basis of

absolute frankness. When their son is five years old a prince begins to pay attentions to Cæcilia and Adams falls in love with a frivolous countess. They tell each other all the details and resolve to live on together as friends and colleagues. Adams continues his flirtation for a short time, but is soon sobered. Cæcilia goes to Berlin, where she is feted by the prince, and makes new conquests. When she returns from this engagement, Adams falls in love with her again and insists upon his rights. He at once decides that he must fight a duel with the prince, but learns that Cæcilia has tolerated the prince's attentions for the sole purpose of winning back Adams. The events, however, have so disturbed Cæcilia's peace of mind that she cannot proceed to live with Adams until she has gained further clarity in regard to their whole relationship. She realizes that what they had taken for truthfulness has been a lie. 'Had we at that time cried out our anger, bitterness, and despair, instead of acting composed and serene, we should have been truthful — Amadeus — and we were not.'

As a physician Schnitzler had witnessed the tenacity with which persons cling to mere life. In 'The Call of Life' (06) this impulse is presented as the key to the actions of a number of characters. Moser, an officer, at the critical moment before the battle, thinks of the possibilities of the life which he is about to sacrifice. His cowardice unsettles the whole battalion and is responsible for its defeat. He is dismissed in disgrace and proceeds to seek his happiness. His wife and later his daughter are subjected to cruelty and abuse. To this abuse the mother finally succumbs and the daughter assumes full responsibility for the invalid father. His selfishness makes him morbidly suspicious. He fears that the daughter will desert him and imposes the greatest hardships upon her. Schnitzler, the physician, is so thoroughly exasperated at his conduct that he leaves a rather strong sleeping potion for the old martinet. The love of life also asserts itself in Marie, the daughter. The devoted love of Schnitzler evokes no response in her, but she becomes infatuated with Max, an officer of her father's old company. This company has decided to go to certain death on the next day in order to wipe out the disgrace of its former retreat. When Marie hears that Max expects her for a last farewell, she administers the sleeping potion to her father and hurries to the barracks. Here she conceals herself and thus learns more of Max's affairs. Max has had a love affair with the wife of his major, and she comes to implore him to flee with her. While she is here the major enters and promptly kills her. He demands that Max should keep the affair secret until the following morning and stand for the deed if necessary. Marie comes from her hiding place and implores Max to flee with her. When he refuses to do this, she implores him to die with her, but he kills himself at the side of the wife whom

he betrayed. Schnitzler averts all suspicion from Marie for the death of her father, but she undergoes nameless torments. Not only the guilt but her rescue from its natural consequences is a source of continual remorse. Schnitzler finally reassures her that what she has experienced and what has lured her has not been life — the highest significance of her existence. He adds: 'Who knows but later — far later — from a day of disaster like the present one, the call of life will ring into your life far deeper and purer than on that one on which you have experienced things that bear such terrible names as murder and death.' The complexity of the plot of this drama and the nature of the action might suggest the melodramatic, if the author had not ennobled the play throughout by characterizations of the utmost keenness.

The burlesque spirit of the Punch and Judy plays pervades the three one-act dramas published as 'Puppet Plays' ('06). In the first, 'The Puppet Player,' George Merklin, induces Anna to pretend that she is in love with Eduard Jagisch, a timid oboe player. Anna enters into this plot in order to arouse the jealousy of George, whom she loves. Years pass, and George becomes a self-satisfied speculative vagabond. Eduard meets him by chance and takes him to his home, where George learns that the old puppet play has had serious consequences. Eduard is married to Anna, and is the happy father of a son.

The characters of the second play, 'Brave Cassian,' are of a coarse type. Martin believes that he has found a certain way of winning at dice. He is so conceited about his success that he resolves to go into the world and win for himself one of the stars of the demi-monde. His old mistress, Sophie, comes to take her farewell, and the two are interrupted by Cassian, Martin's cousin, who immediately takes an interest in Sophie. Cassian hears Martin's account of his mysterious cleverness at dice. The two play and Cassian loses all of his money. When Cassian fully realizes the superb qualities of Sophie, he makes unmistakable advances to her, at which Martin becomes angry, in spite of the fact that he is about to desert her. The ensuing quarrel leads to a reopening of the game, with the result that Martin loses all — his money, his clothes, his mistress, and finally his life.

The technique of 'The Green Cockatoo' reappears in 'The Great Puppet Show.' It is a play within a play. The director, poet, and audience are here seen as they witness a puppet play of the stock type. Members of the audience begin to comment, and these comments are blended with the puppet show in such a manner that no one can any longer distinguish the text from the by-play. The grotesque exaggeration and the rollicking fun do not rob these plays of a deeper significance.

Five stories, 'Twilight Hours' ('07), depict characters under various

delusions. The 'Fate of the Baron of Leisenbogh' is to follow a beautiful young actress as she flits from one adventure to another. Only once does the baron enjoy her favor, but as a result of this he dies of fright, because he realizes that an awful curse applies to him which has been pronounced by one of her lovers on his death bed.

In 'Prophecy' a young man's life is made miserable because a fakir has prophesied that he will lie on bier in ten years. He attempts in all possible ways to escape his impending fate, but many developments seem to indicate that he is doomed. Circumstances make it necessary for him to take part in a theatrical performance and to his joy he finds that he is to appear stretched out on bier in accordance with the prophecy. The performance, however, tallies so closely with terms of the prophecy that he is frightened to death by the mystery.

'The New Song' tells of the love affair of a young man with the daughter of an innkeeper who sings for her father's guests. After a prolonged illness, during which the man breaks with her, she becomes blind. The parents utilize her misfortune by having her sing *a new song* — the song of the blind girl. At the first performance her former lover is present. All this stirs her so profoundly that she commits suicide when she finally realizes her blindness has become an insurmountable barrier between the two.

The 'Stranger' is a woman whose family has become impoverished. In consequence of the humiliation she becomes violently insane, but later she is restored to the point of accepting her lot with stolid resignation. Attracted by her distinguished behavior, a young official falls in love with her. Although she accepts him she remains a *stranger*. After two weeks of marriage she forsakes him, and he — already accustomed to the thought of losing her — bequeaths his last possessions to her and commits suicide. Tragic as this plot may seem, the author has depicted the megalomania of these two creatures with such a subtle irony that the story produces a comic effect.

'Andrew Thameyer's Last Letter' is directed to the public. It has been written before his suicide in order to prove to the world that his wife has not been guilty of infidelity, although the facts that it presents would convict her before the most stupid jury. These five stories are more or less in the style of Poe. The mystical, hypnotic, and fatalistic elements are treated with less seriousness. The skeptical irony of the man of science hovers over them and relieves them of every tinge of somberness.

From these short stories the poet turned to a formidable work in 'The Path to the Open' ('08). This five-hundred-page novel, in some respects, is the most ambitious work which he has undertaken. It is the account of George, a young baron, who after the flirtations customary for Viennese

youth falls in love with Anna, a young Jewess, whose family is on the downward course.

This acquaintance is more serious, and Anna in time looks forward to motherhood. His association with Anna, brings George into close touch with various types of Jews in Vienna. These are characterized with an uncompromising irony. George feels that Anna does not share their characteristics, yet he is disturbed by her loyalty to the members of her race. More and more he realizes that he is 'in the enemy's country,' and consequently he feels relieved when his child dies at birth. The definite prospect of a position as the conductor of an orchestra awakens the more serious side of his nature and he breaks with Anna in order to find his 'way into the open.' It would be rash to pronounce this book an unqualified success. The two problems presented clash.

The awakening of a young dilettante to the serious problems of life has not been faultlessly blended with the tragedy of the young Jewess, who yearns to rise above the sordidness of her race — yet cannot break the ties that bind her to it. She cannot return to George without a proposal of marriage, and he cannot make this proposal because he feels the barrier and is lured on by the possibilities of a career which presumably might be hampered by family obligations. A clear-cut solution of this entanglement is hardly possible. Relentless irony is visited upon the Jews for their supposed cold and selfish intellectualism, their lack of real intellectual and emotional depth; but the dallying emotionalism of this pampered baron, who will accomplish little even if he finds 'his way into the open' is taken in a most philosophical spirit. The fact that George is in love with Anna would, by no means, make it necessary for him to associate exclusively with Jews. Although their brilliancy attracts him, he always feels disappointed when he sums up any single experience with them. In the face of this fact, it is simply exasperating to follow George from Jew to Jew as if he had no choice whatsoever in the shaping of his environment.

With 'Countess Mizzi' or 'The Family Reunion' ('09) Schnitzler returns to a field where he is an undisputed master. It is a short comedy on the morals of the ancient aristocracy. Count Arpad, at the death of his wife, takes a mistress, Lolo, with whom he lives undisturbed for eighteen years. Although there is not the slightest attempt at real secrecy, he punctiliously avoids insulting the conventions of his corrupt class. During the first year he is so interested in Lolo that he does not realize that his daughter Mizzi is being betrayed by his friend, Prince Egon. Mizzi leaves home for a while and gives birth to a son. She is willing to make any sacrifice in order to follow Egon, but he refuses to undertake anything so rash as an elopement, because family considerations forbid. The mother gives up her son

and henceforth refuses to take any interest whatsoever in him. She lives in retirement for years. After his family affairs have been adjusted, Egon proposes to Mizzi repeatedly, but she always refuses him. When his son is eighteen years old he adopts him and presents him to Count Arpad. On this occasion Mizzi is forced to see him and is finally reconciled with the idea of a marriage with Egon. On the same day Lolo, who has fallen in love with a dashing transfer man, takes it into her head to make a farewell visit to Count Arpad. It is a unique 'family reunion.' The various members of this family have been playing at the farce of correct conventionality. For a moment they give vent to their natural feelings and see each other in something like their true relationship.

The publication of 'Young Medardus' ('10) indicates that the poet is being attracted to subjects of a larger scope. The drama presents a picture of Vienna in the days of Napoleon. Franziska Klähr is the widow of a bookdealer, who has met an inglorious death as an officer in the Australian army. She has a son, Medardus, who likewise becomes an officer, and the mother hopes that he may bear arms with better results in the impending clash with Napoleon. Her daughter, Agathe, is in love with Francois, the son of the Duke of Valois, a blind old refugee in Vienna, who for years has fostered the empty hope of winning the French crown. Since the duke will not consent to a marriage, Mrs. Klähr does not allow Francois to come to her house, but the two young people meet secretly. On the evening when Medardus is to leave for the war, Francois appears with the news that his father's consent has been promised. This is a false pretext to gain admission to the house. He has learned that the matter is hopeless and the two commit suicide together. At his sister's grave Medardus sees Helene, the sister of Francois, and vows vengeance upon her family. Intending to publish her shame from the housetops, he wins her love, but this relation becomes a pitfall, since his emotions so dominate him that he forgets his vows of vengeance. After the fall of Vienna, Helene plans to murder Napoleon by coming to him as a mistress. Quite ignorant of her plan, Medardus has also dreamed of murdering the oppressor of his country and thus wipe out the humiliation which he feels on account of his unmanly conduct. Just as he sees a chance of carrying out his plan, he sees Helene on her way to Napoleon and kills her. He is imprisoned, but Napoleon offers him his liberty because he looks upon him as a tool in the hands of divine Providence, blindly at work for his protection. Medardus insists upon telling the truth. He refuses clemency, and by insisting upon his execution, blots out the shame of the inglorious death of his father. This plot is an insignificant part of the two hundred and ninety pages of this remarkable book. Like Hauptmann's 'Florian Geyer' it gives a comprehensive picture of the times in

which it is cast. The main plot stands out with remarkable cleanliness, and countless episodes and characters are related to it with great skill. So, for instance, the self-sacrificing love of Anna, who loves George and receives no attention from him — dying finally as a nurse in the service; the sturdy character of Mrs. Klahr's brother, who has a fine scorn for flamboyant patriotism, but knows how to die when the occasion demands it; the petty schemes of a pasteboard prince in their relation to the intrigues of various adventurers; the enigmatical ambition of Helene in whom the vanity of this family finds its most consistent and pathetic representative; these and other elements are all fused into a drama that will certainly live as long as higher aims are followed on the stage. Incidentally the drama is a most convincing satire upon war. What Bertha von Suttner attempted to do in 'Ground Arms' Schnitzler accomplished here in a really artistic manner. Instead of giving us pages of moralizing and preaching, Schnitzler allows his almost uncanny talent for characterization full play and convinces us of the folly of many of the emotions sanctified by war.

Rudolph Lothar has stated that Schnitzler has steadily deepened, but that he has failed to broaden his art. One is tempted to agree with this opinion, yet 'The Way into the Open' and 'Young Medardus' give evidence that Schnitzler is striving to do more comprehensive work. Whether he will accomplish this remains a serious question. As an Austrian resident in Vienna, he lacks the proper arena. Thoroughly German in the best sense, he is conscious of the foibles of Vienna, which he has depicted with a good-natured humor that springs from genuine love. In a certain sense he may suffer as Grillparzer did, by not having his greatest possibilities awakened by his environment. However much the poets of Germany may feel out of sympathy with the trend of German affairs, they do have an environment which spurs them on to noble efforts; for back of the militarism and jingoism on the surface remains the Germany of science and art, the Germany of social endeavor which must be a joy to any poet. What Schnitzler has already done places him among the foremost writers of the day. Not since Heine have the Germans produced such wit — and coupled with this is a sense of form, an artistic sensitiveness, quite unique. He is not the flippant dandy of literature as some have supposed, but a man who takes his art and himself seriously.

CHARACTER WRITING IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

BY THOMAS ERNEST RANKIN

IN 1614 Sir Thomas Overburie, in the following apt and beautiful terms, defined the type of literature of which he was a master: 'To square out a character by our English levell, it is a picture reall or personall) quaintly drawne, in various colours, all of them hightned by one shadowing. It is a quicke and soft touch of many strings, all shutting up in one musicall close: it is wits descant on any plaine song.' This type of literature was that which its writers knew as the character, not character sketch, but character, a type in prose as distinctive as the ballad is distinctive in poetry. Many of the characters, even when the character was at the height of its vogue and power, were what we now consider sketchy, merely sketchy, and lacking in lifelikeness. They were lacking in lifelikeness because they lacked in complexity, and complexity is the chief mark of the life of man. Nevertheless, the character plays an important part in the history of literature, and it is deserving of much more attention than it is accustomed to receive. It plays an important part in literary history because of its fine diction, its occasional real analysis of character, its bulk in ethical writing, its imitation of the Baconian essay, its indications of the decline of the drama, and its influential place in the evolution of the novel.

Now, to be sure, all literature, and indeed, every form of human activity, however insignificant in itself, is in some degree a revelation of character. Elements of character from many and varied sources entered into the making of engine .007, and into the writing of the story .007 entered the character of Kipling's age, as well as the character of the recipient of last-awarded Nobel prize for literature. In some forms and products of literary art characters are represented subjectively, that is, in them there are more or less conscious delineations of the writers themselves; in others there are objective representations of character, that is, characters are directly and explicitly written about.

Any attempt to scale the chief forms of literature according as they reveal the character of men objectively, in all likelihood would result, so far as poetry is concerned, in the traditional order,—the lyric as the least important,—even though it usually is the subjective or the personal character of the writer himself, that is made objective in the lyric; the epic next in importance; and the drama the most revelatory of all. On the other hand, an attempt to scale the chief forms of poetry in the light of the

revelation of the writer himself, if made in harmony with the generally accepted definitions of these forms, would result in the climatic order as epic, dramatic, lyric. This order, however, is not a satisfactory one, and it would not be difficult to break it down. Shakespeare, the ever-baffling, when systems are being constructed, does break it down; for it is, I think, in his dramas, and not in his sonnets, as it is popularly supposed, that the man Shakespeare is chiefly to be found. Goethe's lyrics and his Faust afford precisely the same difficulty with the traditional order of classification. In fact, there is generally more of the author himself in the drama than there is in the supposedly more subjective lyric. The same confusion in the traditional order of epic, dramatic, lyric, appears when the grand epic is compared with the lyric; though it is, perhaps, hardly fair to suggest that there is more of Dante revealed in *The Divine Comedy* than even relatively to the men concerned, there is of Wordsworth, Rossetti, or Swinburne in their sonnets.

These considerations are at least suggestive of the need of a new induction for determining the order of classification of literary forms; and it might be tentatively laid down that, on the basis of revealment of the author himself, the order should be: revealment least of all in the lyric, more in the epic, especially if we consider a people rather than an individual as the author of the epic, and revealment most of all in the drama. Of course the example set here of citing individual authors may easily be turned against this order. Suppose, then, we cite just two more examples, this time purposely choosing two that are by no means so momentous as those already given. Let us take Tennyson and Burns; and a careful study of the dramas of Tennyson (something seldom given them) will reveal more of all-round strength and weakness of the man himself than can be discovered in his lyrics; and in 'The Jolly Beggars' of Burns, which should be classed as a musical drama, a sort of 'Beggars' Opera' as Blackie suggests, careful study will find more of Burns than can be found in his lyrics. The following stanzas do not represent all of Burns, nor, for that matter, are they even enough to be representative of even the one poem:

'Life is all a variorum,
We regard not how it goes;
Let them cant about decorum
Who have characters to lose.

'A fig for those by law protected!
Liberty's a glorious feast!
Courts for cowards were erected,
Churches built to please the priests.'

And again,

‘I am a bard of no regard,
Wi’ gentle folks, an’ a’ that;
But Homer-like, the glowran byke,*
Frae town to town I draw that.’

But in no other of his works is there so distinct a display of his recklessness, of his revolt against convention, and of his keen insight, too, into the real significance and appeal of his own work. The conclusion, then, at this point, is that the drama is of all types of poetry the most significant revelatory of character, both objectively and subjectively.

If one should undertake to apply this same principle of classification to prose literature, an easy-going order on the basis of the setting forth of character objectively, character not that of the author himself, from the least to the most effective representation, would be the following: scientific and philosophical works, essays, critical dissertations (though the practice of the critic in judging now by the standards of individual taste and again by principles of collective criticism makes the position of criticism a very indeterminate one in this regard), then histories, biographies, and, last of all, works of prose fiction. If the forms of prose were scaled with a view to showing the relative adequacy in revealing characters subjectively, however ideally the autobiography might seem to be at the top, yet very obviously the order would be about, if not quite, the same as that just given. Other here unnamed forms of prose writing should, no doubt, be included in the classification; certainly letters, such as those of the poet Cowper and of Madame de Sévigne, should be included, and should be placed high in the list, doubtless at the very apex. Exceptions testing the rule may in all these kinds of writings be found in abundance enough, but the findings would depend very largely upon the individual standards of judgment assumed. No doubt the critical student may find as much of Kant in the three *Critiques* as of Balzac in *The Human Comedy*.

When we examine that type of literary discourse, the character, which expressly lays claim to the delineation of characters objectively, much may be observed in it to support the claim, and much also may be found of the revealment of the character of the writer himself; and in the present attempt to determine the place of the character in English literature occasion will frequently be taken to point out the relative success of this literary form from these two points of view.

The character has no considerable history until the seventeenth century, but its roots are far in the past. In European literature it comes

*Glowran = staring; byke = multitude.

distinctly above ground in the Dialogues of Plato, in the Socratic endeavor to define popular abstractions by applying them to types of men. In the Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle the philosopher tries to make his ethical speculations concrete by describing men according to their traits; as, for example, in Book IV, the traits of the high-minded man, and in Book VII those of the continent man. The theoretical problem of character drawing assumes a place of much moment in Aristotle's Poetics. The term *ethos*, which Aristotle so frequently employs, seems to have been applied by him to a type of character described by means of a single moral concept, such as temperance or cowardice. Then, again, in his Rhetoric, Book II, Chapters 12 to 17, Aristotle describes, as he puts it, 'the varieties of character dependent upon the emotions, habits of mind, times of life, and accidents of Fortune.' This is done very briefly, but with much of that stylistic quality which Hobbes so aptly termed 'bite.'

In Greek also are the well-known sketches of character, expressly so called, written by Theophrastus. This man was the successor of Aristotle as head of the Lyceum; his original name was probably Tyrtaeus, but for his eloquence Plato had named him Theophrastus, or The Divine Speaker. In the Ethical Characters of Theophrastus are the direct prototypes of the character of the seventeenth century writers of England. Those presented by the Greek and those by the Englishmen alike are of the types of men portrayed in the comedies of Menander rather than of those in the tragedies of Æschylus. Theophrastus was much influenced by the sociological studies in Aristotle's Rhetoric, and seems to have been making an attempt at producing a work in social psychology. His types are not mere composite photographs, and yet they are, because really typical, more similar to the composite photograph than to the photograph of an individual. And it is the development from interest in the composite or type to interest in the individual that has gradually side-tracked, if nothing more, the character as a form of literary art.

The method of Theophrastus was, first, to define a term which named a human quality,—for example, the term 'garrulity,' which he defines as 'the discoursing of much and ill-considered talk,' then, in this case (and similarly in others), to make the quality concrete by describing The Garrulous Man as performing a series of actions and uttering sayings of the like suggested in the definition. Some of the descriptions are almost Düreresque in detail, very complex at times, but always harmonious. Such description fails in subtlety, for, as Professor Jebb has pointed out in the introduction to his translation of Theophrastus, it overlooks the relations of men's actions to each other. But, of course, the space which the character writer took for his portrait was not sufficiently large to admit of carefully

and accurately drawn conclusions from the actions and sayings of a man. It is impossible within the scope of an octavo page to present such a portrait as Sir Walter Scott draws of James I in *The Fortunes of Sir Nigel*.

A portrait of a type is never literally lifelike, for a type is a pure fiction; every man is different from every other man, and no one trait can find identical expression in any two individuals. The kind of character drawing that Theophrastus employed was, then, very rudimentary; and yet it possessed some commendable qualities. In the first place, the writer always selected incidents or acts in which the particular characteristic trait showed itself more prominently than did any other traits; and, in the second place, he suppressed all such highly peculiar details as would annul the character's right claim to be really typical,—that is, the writer succeeded in doing just what he proposed to do, represent a type. And then, in the third place, the sketches possess, as an indisputable quality, successful humor. This humor is resident in the facts themselves; the writer does not tell us they are humorous, as the novelist is so often inclined to do.

Theophrastus was reminiscent, not only of Aristotle, but also of the dramatists. The writings of Sophocles, of Menander, and of Theophrastus mark a logical progression from the representation of character by means of action upon the stage to a consideration of character by comparatively direct description, a progression which is to be ascribed, as is often said, to the succumbing of the creative spirit to the critical spirit, but, let us add, a critical spirit that lacked the acumen to carry analysis down to the individual in real life.

Without lingering over the Roman writers who indulged in the drawing of characters upon such small canvas as we are describing, except to mention Seneca, Cicero, and Plutarch as their chiefs, we may pass almost at once to early modern English writers, pausing to note but two things in the literature of the middle age. The first is that the Christian middle ages had never before their eyes as a model that finest character sketch of woman in all literature, the sketch of the *Virtuous Woman*, which closes the Hebrew Book of Proverbs, a sketch apparently exact in outlining such a woman as might have existed in her time and place, certainly a beautiful sketch, certainly charmingly elegant in its thought and diction, and presenting a picture of one whom many would be glad to exchange for the modern 'New Woman,' and one, too, who, in some of her domestic activities, would be decidedly new to our times were she to arise. The second thing during the middle ages to note is the superb success of two writers in England in the fourteenth century; Chaucer in the Prologue to the *Canterbury Tales*, and Langland in his description of the Palmer from Sinai.

It is not until the seventeenth century that characters were frequently

depicted as dissociated from their surroundings, uninfluenced as in the drama by the reciprocal action with other characters, and considered for their own sake. In that century arose the character as a distinct form of literary art, and it was then first that this form was cultivated for the mere sake of drawing a character. The character writers of that century stand in the same relation to the Elizabethan dramatists and philosophic writers as did Theophrastus to his immediate predecessors. In many respects they were the decadent heirs of the comedy of manners, and, as I shall show later, they were greatly influenced by the essays of Sir Francis Bacon. After William Shakespeare, there came Ben Jonson, and when Ben Jonson was gone The Puritan Joseph Hall reigned in his stead. In Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* and in other contemporary plays are descriptive passages which, if taken apart from their context, will correspond closely with the character of the writers who immediately succeeded him.

The forerunner, and, for a while, source-book of the seventeenth-century character writers, was Thomas Audley's *Fraternity of Vagabonds*. Its date is 1561, twenty-six years before the appearance of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*. It will be observed, therefore, that characters typical of a social group had begun in England to attract the attention of the critics and reflectors of life before interest in single great personages had there reached a point within even hailing distance of its apogee. To this book of Audley's, Thomas Harman, in 1567, was indebted for most of the material in his *Caveat for Common Cursitors*, or, as the language of the street would have it to-day, 'Tips for the Cops.' In this book of Harman's were portrayed twenty distinct types of vagrants. In 1592 Robert Green, the dramatist, published his groundwork of *Coney-Catching*, which is a satirical treatise on how to swindle the gullible, but all of which, except an address to the Gentle Reader's Health and the first chapter, was copied from Harman. Thomas Decker, in 1608, appropriated from Harman, with some slight exceptions, his *Bellman of London*. About this date Thomas Nash, in his tract, entitled 'Pierce Penniless, his Supplication to the Devil,' set forth a number of characters, the most interesting of which is *The Upstart*, whose continental travels have resulted in only a contempt for his native land, — a character whose descendants are not unknown among us to-day. Another of Nash's interesting characters is *The Counterfeit Politician*, who, by affecting solitariness, would seem to be a man of wisdom. We know this type of man, too, but we do not find him among politicians. Nash is of some especial importance because he gave a strong hint for the later portrayal of a kind of character which continues to be described even to this day, the kind which typifies a nation's citizens, the kind described in the *John Bull* of Carlyle and of Irving. Four characters of this sort

were portrayed by Nash, the Spaniard, the Frenchman, the Italian, and the Dane, all of them in turn to hold up for condemnation the vice of pride.

Whether these Elizabethans were influenced directly by Theophrastus it is difficult to determine; but there can be little doubt that they were. Nash, in 'The Anatomy of Absurdity,' published in 1589, speaks of 'the golden book of Theophrastus.' In 1592 there appeared Casaubon's translation of the Characters of Theophrastus from the Greek into Latin, so that those who, like Shakespeare, knew 'less Greek' might become more familiar with Theophrastus. Joseph Hall's *Characterisms of Virtues and Vices*, whose date is 1608, was the first book of characters published after the Latin translation of Theophrastus. Six of Hall's eleven vicious characters have the same subjects as an equal number included in the work of the Greek. Hall's style was vigorous and pithy, and yet more elevated and stately than that of Theophrastus, as beffited his moral purpose. Not only is his style an improvement upon that of his Greek model, but he also marks an advance in still more carefully individualizing his characters, describing, for example, not merely the good man but the good magistrate, and in analyzing more fully and more precisely, too, the mental processes of his characters. Hall's book was translated into French in 1619, and later influenced La Bruyère to translate Theophrastus into French, and to write his own book of Characters, which, in its turn, led to a number of imitators in France.

In the year 1611 appeared a notable book, entitled 'Characters, or Witty Descriptions of the Properties of Sundry Persons.' The greater part of this book was written by Sir Thomas Overbury. Its style was that of John Lyly's 'Euphues,' and the pointed phrases and verbal antitheses provided a fitting instrument for expressing delicate differences in character. Lyly himself, in 1580, had described Camilla very nearly in the manner of the character writers of the next generation. Before Overbury Euphuism had been gradually becoming the conventional language for this form of literature, and Overbury's success made its elaborate diction and construction seem indispensable to his successors. Overbury began the fashion of writing the characters of places; and, following Nash, he gave, by his Braggadocio Welshman and his Drunken Dutchman Resident in England, a strong impetus to the portrayal of national characters. Perhaps the last-named character may not infelicitously be regarded as among the anticipations of the 'International novel' of to-day! An illustration of Overbury's way of saying things is in his remark that the Dutchman loves the Welshman for his orthography and for his diet, that is, for the plurality both of his consonants and of his cheese. In his picture of 'A Jesuit,' Overbury anticipated the political satire that is so noteworthy in the Whig and Tory literature of the closing years of the seventeenth century,

and that finds its highest reach in Dryden's masterly drawing of the Duke of Buckingham as Zimri.

Hall was a Puritan, and his characters reflected the somberness and conscious self-centeredness of the Puritanism of his time; but Overbury's sketches were more closely connected with the comedy of the day. And yet Overbury's place in the history of the representation of character is most secure because he was able to do what many of the contemporary comedy writers were unable to achieve, namely, the taking of real internal sentiments and setting them forth in the garb of external personal mannerisms. When all is said, though, cleverness remains the most pronounced mark of his work, as may readily be seen in his sketches of *An Old Man*, *The Chambermaid*, *The Virtuous Widow*, *The Ordinary Widow*, and *The Mere Scholar*. But by all means the finest thing Overbury accomplished was the definition which is quoted at the beginning of this paper.

Attention has already been called to the relation of these characters to the analyses of the ethical philosophers, and yet the character writers are not philosophical moralists. Their work is too much of the nature of *disjecta membra*, too fragmentary, too sketchy, often too unsympathetic, even; but the writers were intensely interested in ethical types, and their insight was often keen and their conclusions aptly true. In some of the publications the ethical characters greatly preponderated in number. In John Earle's *Microcosmography* forty of the fifty-four characters are those of ethical types. Earle's descriptions of *The Downright Scholar* who 'names this word College too often,' of *The Blunt Man* 'generally honest, but more generally thought so,' and of *The Child*, 'the elder he grows he is a stair lower from God,' all illustrate fairly well the nature of his view of his subjects.

Earle's tiny book was published first in 1628. The author was a resident fellow at Oxford, and, as is not uncommon with scholars, his range of observation of men was somewhat limited; and yet he manifests a penetrative insight into the characters of the kind of men with whom he was really acquainted. The title of his book is rather curious to us, but it was not an uncommon word in his own day. Shakespeare, Bacon, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others had already employed the word 'microcosm' to mean man as a small reproduction of the universe; it was one of the seventeenth-century ways of saying with the Sophists of old that 'man is the measure of all things.' Earle used his term, 'Microcosmography,' to signify a writing down of the world of human life by means of certain representative types.

The work of Earle is much more interesting than is even that of Overbury; in fact, he may be considered as the most representative of the group of men who were then practising the art of character portrayal. His vocabulary

is of the most discriminating sort. Even when he puns, he does so with discretion. The Young Man, he says, 'because he would not lose time, spends it'; The Scholar 'ascends a horse somewhat sinisterly, though not on the left side'; The Alderman is to be counted, not a body, but a corporation,—a joke which we have not yet shelved; and The Young Raw Preacher's 'action is all passion.'

A distinguishing feature of Earle's characters is their compression. He is no mere space-filler; four hundred words, and all the traits essential for a complete recognition of the type are in, and to our surprise we have reached the end of most of his characterizations. His ability to sum up much in little is illustrated in the character of The Young Raw Preacher, in the sentence in which Earle remarks that 'He preaches but once a year, though twice on Sundays; for the stuff is still the same, only the dressing a little altered.' Again, of The Shark Earle says that he 'offers you a pottle of sack out of his joy to see you, and in requital of this courtesy you can do no less than pay for it.' The Weak Man, we are told, is he 'whom Nature huddled up in haste and left his best part unfinished.' 'His friendship commonly is begun in a supper and lost in spending money.' The conclusion at which The World's Wise Man arrives is 'to be one of these two,—either a great man or hanged.' And The Attorney, when 'the term of his life is going out,' feels secure for doomsday, 'for he hopes he has a trick to reverse judgment.' Like some of our modern storytellers, Earle had a way of working up to a climax of interest, and then suddenly dismissing the character as wholly inconsequential after all. The She Precise Hypocrite is turned away with 'She is an everlasting argument; but I am weary of her.' The Poor Fiddler is brusquely dismissed with 'the rest of him is drunk, and in the stocks.' And The Carrier 'is like the prodigal child, still packing away and still returning again. But let him pass.'

So far as Earle carries the description of some of his characters, they were contemporary with himself, but are not with us. The description often neglects the elemental qualities that would make the character permanently real. For example, The Young Raw Preacher does not to-day expectorate in the pulpit 'with a very good grace,' although it is said that in some American localities the pulpit furniture is still incomplete without at least one cuspidor. Undergraduates in our universities surely occasionally choose their rooms with other purposes than to 'avoid the reprisals' of a collector. Even the Downright Scholar is with us to be found here and there able to 'talk idly enough to bear Madam company' in her drawing-room. But The Detractor, The Flatterer, The Meddling Man, The Insolent Man, The Too Idly Reserved Man, even, and we hope also The High-Spirited Man, are characters not of an age, but for all time.

The task of sketching a character within the limits of a few hundred words was, and still is, too difficult to admit of a large measure of success. Certain types, such as the Selfish Man, have been studiously avoided by the character writers, perhaps because he is too commonplace, but that evades the issue, for the commonplace has been made interesting. That the objective presentation of character is a finely delicate and yet herculean task, is evident enough when we try to reckon up the number of successful novels of character. Plot novels, purpose novels, novels of fine phrases are, as everybody knows, much more frequently and, thus far, permanently successful. Only the man who sees vividly, feels deeply, thinks carefully, clearly, and without prejudice, and possesses the power of the artist to take the significant which he arbitrarily selects from life and body it forth in attractive form, only he can succeed in accomplishing what is essential for a good character sketch. The writers who approached nearest to success possessed these qualities and, in addition, they were genuine humorists. If Earle can be termed a satirist, it is one of the most genial sort. But even in him likes and dislikes occasionally obtrude; the characters of *The She Precise Hypocrite*, of *The Young Raw Preacher*, and of *The Mere Gull Citizen* are ample evidence that he did not fancy the Puritan.

Even Earle suffered much from the Euphuism that characterizes the language of these authors. The first to refuse to employ it was Thomas Fuller, in his *Holy and Profane States*, which was published in 1642. To Fuller it was the picture, not the language, that was important. His method was much more concrete than that of his contemporaries. His sketch of *A Good King* would seem quite evidently to be a portrait of Charles I, either flattering or ironical, and probably the latter. Fuller went even further than to disguise a real personage in the garb of a type, by often adding a biographical sketch of an actual person, intending thus to make the character the more lifelike. To twenty-seven of his sketches he appends brief accounts of men and women whom he intended to exemplify the prominent trait typified. His illustrations are drawn from everywhere and all times, and the result is sometimes a decided jumble, as, for example, when Joan of Arc and the Witch of Endor are grouped together; but he fails never to attempt to be concrete.

The most keenly incisive of all character portrayers before the nineteenth century novelists is Samuel Butler, the author of *Hudibras*. We should expect the writer of the greatest burlesque poem in the language to cut quickly and deeply in any criticism of life. Butler wrote at least one hundred and twenty characters in prose, filled, all of them, as was his verse, with shrewdness, cleverness, sarcasm, and biting wit. Frequently he appears to borrow spinal ideas from Earle, but the virile and at times

almost Rabelaisian humor is in no respect an imitation, and though Butler hardly had the intellect, and certainly not the temperament, of Swift, yet satire is second only to that of the great dean's.

Character drawing was tried in verse in the seventeenth century, as it often has been before and since. Sir Henry Wotton wrote the best character in verse extant from that period; one that suggests the characterization of Admiral Nelson in Wordsworth's *A Happy Warrior*, but one that lacks the Wordsworthian depth and force. Wotton's *The Character of a Happy Life* was the product distinctly of its own time, like his *Aphorisms of Education* and the cognate form of prose characters; and not unlike them it was 'in harmony with the sententious tendencies of the silver age of the English Renaissance, and not less significant of the decay among us of that far mightier literary form, the Elizabethan drama, of which they may be regarded as partial reminiscences.'*

Although the period in which character writing as a distinct form of literary art had any extensive vogue was brief, yet the output was large. In fact, the activity covered so large a scope that the method of the writers, coupled with their lack of dramatic feeling, seemed prohibitive of any further advance than they had made, and therefore their repetition and imitation began to pall upon both themselves and the public. The demand for some different method of portrayal of character was met by the periodical essayists of the reign of Queen Anne, who, by employing the commenting essay as a background for concreteness and explicitness, distinctly blazed the trail for the novel. And yet the character sketchers themselves had a very close relation to the modern novel, though neither Earle, who was the most entertaining, nor Butler, who was the clearest in vision, had quite so direct an effect in the growing tendency to the production of the novel, as is obvious in the work of the three men, Hall, Overbury, and Fuller. Hall, by adding concrete analysis, had shown that to succeed it was no longer necessary to imitate the method of Theophrastus. Overbury had made the character more vivid than heretofore by describing in terms of contemporary, even if whimsical, mannerisms. Fuller had made it evident that the form could be useful and interesting in a language that was not Euphuistic. These three things,— more correct and concrete analysis by means of a truer psychological method, a relation to contemporary manners, and the language of the time,— made the character nearly all that Addison and Steele desired to fulfil the demands of their time for the representation of real life in literature, and they were acute enough to well combine these qualities in their sketches of character.

The essay and the character have always been closely related in substance and in style; and the occasional semi-critical remarks of the writers

* A. W. Ward, *Sir Henry Wotton : A Biographical Sketch*.

themselves had not attempted to separate them. The title of Earle's book, and those of many others, is evidence of this relation,—'Microcosmography, or A Piece of the World discovered in Essays and Characters,' was the full title of Earle's volume, which contained nothing we should not now term a character sketch. Sometimes the writers (as, for instance, Nicholas Breton), explicitly acknowledged the relation of their work to the essays of Bacon. A close analysis of the intimate relation between these two forms of literature has not yet been made; though Isaac d'Israeli, in his *Amenities of Literature*, has some worth while remarks upon the subject. Many of the character writers imitated Bacon closely, and, indeed, many of them thought they were imitating passages in the great dramatists. But the ability of no one of these men would at any time or in any place have been great enough to have produced an important drama or a really Baconian essay. They were interested in character, in incident, in gnomic sayings. They combined these three, and thus made somewhat concrete their thoughts, but they never reached the degree of subtlety of the great Chancellor. However, they should be credited with the shrewdness to see that their thoughts would have lacked clearness and force had they not adopted the concrete method and associated their somewhat attenuated ideas with a typical character. As we have suggested, Fuller was clever enough to vary the method by uniting with his homily the biography, the link between the two being a sketch of a typical character. In the essay 'Of Gravity' he lays down the current maxims of the sermon; then the moral truths of the essay are illustrated in 'The Character of a Faithful Minister'; and at last the lessons are associated directly with life by a biographical sketch of a certain Mr. Perkins, of Cambridge, 'a learned, pious, and painful preacher of God's word.'

When reading in historical sequence these sketches, one is impressed with the fact that the later writers are always indebted to the earlier, just as he is in all other forms of literature, and he is always impressed anew with the fact that many aspects of the nature of man are ever and everywhere the same. The Latin character imitates the Greek, the Englishman imitates the Latin, and the later Englishman imitates the earlier, the Frenchman imitates the Englishman, and the Englishman in his turn imitates the Frenchman. In the second issue of the *Spectator* were included sketches of six types of character of Addison's time; the country squire, the bachelor of the Inner Temple, the wealthy merchant, the 'modest' soldier, the man of fashion, the philosophic clergyman. While these characters are so highly individualized as to impress us with their likeness to actual life, not seeming, as do so many of the earlier characters, to be mere fanciful combinations of traits or over-representations of one

quality, yet they have many similarities to the characters which precede them. Sir Roger de Coverley is the same type as Overbury's Country Gentleman. Each of them is a country justice of the peace. Neither is much at home in the metropolis, but each is most so where the 'statutes of Husbandry,' including the poaching acts, need expounding, and where he can seem wise at least to his neighbors. Prudence in expenditures is common to them, for each, not unlike country gentlemen of our own day, at times, avoids the giving of tips, Overbury's character to the servants of a neighboring hall, Sir Roger to the Abbey guide.

In the Sir Roger de Coverley papers, according to Taine, the novel was unconsciously discovered; and Macaulay avers that 'if Addison had written a novel on an extensive plan, it would have been superior to any that we possess.' Whether Macaulay was correct, no one can say, though we should think not; but Taine was much more nearly so, at least, for in these papers, though without the continuous narrative of the novel, were portrayed, with careful discrimination and painstaking lifelikeness, events and characters which we feel to have been such as the writers themselves knew. But, of course, in the de Coverley papers there is no development of character and no revolution of plot, though many a 'realistic' novelist would say that these are not conditions to which the novel must conform.

The first modern novel, I believe, was Fielding's *Tom Jones*; I hesitate but little to say that it is the greatest as well. Now, Fielding knew the essayists well, and derived much from them. Leslie Stephen points out the close relationship between Parson Adams in Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* and Sir Roger de Coverley. Unquestionably, as a form of character delineation, there is a difference of only degree in the individualization of Overbury's Country Gentleman, Addison's Sir Roger, and Fielding's Squire Western. The difference, however, it may most readily be admitted, between the whole scope of the work of Fielding and that of the character writers and essayists is the difference between the product of creative imagination and the imitation of social manners.

It is easy to push the matter of indebtedness too far. Types of character persist, though hardly so insistently as the great French critic would have us believe. In pursuing his favorite theory of literature, Taine claims to see in Wycherley's *Manly*, in Massinger's *Sir Giles Overreach*, in Richardson's *James Harlowe*, and in Thackeray's *Old Osborne*, under the regularity and propriety of modern manners, the identical warlike passions and gloomy humor of their ancestral Anglo-Saxon conquerors of Britain. But it would seem that the blood had been too much diluted to admit of such a certainty in heredity. It would seem, too, that we might

possess *Vanity Fair* and *The Scarlet Letter* had Theophrastus or had Harman never lived.

Even in direct form the novel contains a vastly larger quantity of character sketching than does any other form of literature. As an incidental part of many other kinds, however, the character exists in great abundance. History is filled with these portrayals, direct in form; poetry occasionally contains them. John Richard Green's *Character of Queen Elizabeth* in his *History of the English People* is an excellent example in the former, and is in most striking contrast to the servile unreality of a sketch of the same notable personage in a professed 'character' by her contemporary, Nicholas Breton. Among American histories, the chapter on *The Presidential Election of 1824*, in Professor Burgess's *The Middle Period*, presents some admirable pen pictures of the leading presidential aspirants of that date. The *Prude*, in Cowper's *The Task*, may be cited as an example of a character imbedded within a poem, and Coleridge's autobiographical poem entitled *A Character*, as an example of a complete form devoted to the delineation of a character by relatively direct exposition. James Bryce's sketches in the volume called *Studies in Contemporary Biography* come very near to an ideal blending of concrete fact and qualitative characterization in making actual historical personages vividly real to the reader. Furthermore, the distinct type itself did not disappear with the eighteenth century. George Eliot's *Impressions of Theophrastus Such*, as the title suggests, is a series of essays and sketches chiefly of character types with which the author was familiar. Then, Thackeray's *Snobs* are character sketches. Some of them, especially those under the titles of *The University Snobs*, *Some Clerical Snobs*, *Club Snobs*, and those *Dinner-Party Snobs*, which he names *Lord and Lady Longears*, their eldest son, *Fitz-Heehaw*, and their younger sons, the *de Brays*, form about the most sweeping and yet incisive satires of the nineteenth century.

Better than all of these latter-day attempts are those contained in a few of the essays of Charles Lamb, more particularly in *The Two Races of Men*, *The Superannuated Man*, *Poor Relations*, *The Convalescent*, and *Captain Jackson*. These essays of the belated Elizabethan, though much more concretely suggestive, because of specific names, places, and the like, are, after all, but a higher variant reading of the work of those young successors of the dramatists of the spacious days of great Elizabeth, and they grant us the hope that the *Character* as a distinct literary type has not as yet for all time failed us.

HAUPTMANN AND SHAKESPEARE

'Schluck und Jan' in relation to 'The Taming of the Shrew'

BY J. H. BECKMANN

THE two plays to be considered are three centuries apart. While the exact date of 'The Taming of the Shrew' has not yet been, and perhaps never will be, definitely fixed, it is generally conceded that it was written towards the close of the sixteenth century, perhaps in the year 1597, and was first printed in 1623. The other play, 'Schluck und Jan,' written by Gerhart Hauptmann, appeared in the year 1900.

The principal characters in Hauptmann's comedy are: Jon Rand, a nobleman; Sidselill, his bride; Karl, his seneschal; Malmstein, an attendant; Adeluz, the waiting-woman; Jan and Schluck, two vagabonds. The scene of action is in and near Jon Rand's palace.

Jon Rand is returning, with his party, from a chase, when he finds two vagabonds, Schluck and Jan, very tipsy, lying on the lawn in front of his hunting lodge. He bids his servants take the drunkards and put them in stocks. But Karl, Jon Rand's seneschal, wishes to give, in the person of one of these vagabonds, an instance of the vanity of life; he, therefore, asks his lord to give him permission to lay Jan in one of the finest of the ducal beds. When the drunkard has slept over his debauch and awakes, pages and chamberlains come to his bedside, draw the curtains, make several deep bows, and ask whether it pleases him to rise, and what clothes he will put on; and herewith they present to him several costly garments. The new-made prince, who is much astonished at all these civilities, and knows not whether he is awake or dreaming, suffers himself to be dressed and taken out of the chamber. After this they take him to the yard, then to coursing and hunting, and at last back to the palace to a splendid supper. This over the lords and ladies amuse themselves with dancing and merry-making, in which Jan's boon companion, Schluck, plays the rôle of his wife. Finally, a sleeping potion is administered to the pseudo-prince, he is stripped of all his rich clothes, dressed in his rags, and taken back to the place where he was found the day before. On awakening he remembers what has happened to him, without knowing whether it has actually occurred, or whether a dream has turned his head.

Jan is pictured to us as a haughty, dictatorial person with lofty thoughts quite suited to wield the scepter. Malmstein says of him: 'And really this is often not at all easy; for a king's whim, gracious sir, compared with the whims of this rogue, are easy to bear. Often when I crept stealthily up to

the two on the edge of the forest, sometimes deep in the forest, I saw how this Jan wields his scepter and trains his cook, steward, cellarman, stable-master — for he often sleeps in stables — as if it were a poodle and not a man.'

Schluck, on the other hand, is a kind-hearted, obliging fellow; to him the experienced Adeluz says: 'You have indeed deserved a better lot with your skill and your clever head than to play the clown before drunken boors, to go through the villages peddling, perhaps even begging and starving, friend.'

Schluck is not a common vagabond; he really possesses boundless unselfishness; he is so devoted to his domineering companion that he is willing to be put in stocks for him. Malmstein says to his master, Jon Rand: 'Of these two fools, Jan is always the king and Schluck the chancellor.' Schluck is a person who wants to be governed and his boon-companion has all the qualities to do it. He it is who forces Schluck to remain in the marsh into which the weakness of his own heart has led him. It is easily understood, therefore, why the jovial waggish Karl selects Jan and not Schluck to be dressed up to exercise the functions of a prince.

It is quite significant, too, that it is not the nobleman himself but his high-steward who plans the sport with these two vagabonds. Jon Rand would never have hit upon such an idea, because he is so entirely absorbed in the love for his sweet Sidselill, and through his conduct, so far removed from all the pleasures and enjoyments of life, that he is perishing of ennui. He, too, is intoxicated, not with liquor, but with love, pies, and puddings. Karl says to him: 'Too much sweetness ruins the stomach. Beautiful Sidselill in the castle is bored when honeymoon crowds the honeymoon. . . . Will you die of ennui, Jon? You are dying of ennui, I tell you. Pastry eaters are digging you your grave! You eat pastry in the morning, the same pastry in the evening, and day after day the same pastry. Your flesh is no longer flesh; it is pastry, your brain; pastry, your heart; pastry — a cold one at that, not even warm.'

Surely such a man is of no great benefit to society. He has rejected all institutional principles as guides of action, and follows his own notions of duty. When he finds the two drunkards by the roadside, he forgets that they obtained the liquor in a tavern standing on his own premises; it never occurs to him that he has any further responsibility than to put them in stocks. He and his sweet, delicate, pampered Sidselill, of whom he is very jealous, have all they can wish for in the way of riches, yet they are becoming mouldy and are dying of tedium.

Sidselill reminds us very much of the sick princess in the fairy tale, who might be cured by laughing, and yet does not want to laugh. Like

this princess, she smiles a little now and then, but thinks it below her dignity to laugh. She and her all-absorbed lover, Jon Rand, are what Ludwig Fulda, in his drama, 'Das verlorene Paradies' calls *Lebenskunstler*. They are surrounded by all the fascinating things that this life can offer, yet they are not contented. Their charming paradise-like environments have no charm for them any more. They are constantly longing for a change, for an activity, yea, sometimes even for care and worry. They can neither laugh nor weep, but only yawn. There is nothing that elevates them, nothing that moves them. In short, they are in conflict with the institution called society, and the obstacle to be overcome is an internal one, it is the folly of their own minds. They seem to be enchanted, living, as it were, in a land of magic.

Listen to Jon Rand as he greets his princess:

'Hale to you, fawn of my heart! most gracious ruler! thoroughly acquainted with all magic wherewith extinct ashes are fanned into glow, wherewith a field of slags is changed into a garden of gorgeous flowers, wherewith dumb fish are made to speak, and stones to sing! Acquainted with the magic wherewith fresh sprouts and juicy green are elicited from beanstalks — and old mill donkeys are pumped so full of music that they must harp in order not to burst, no matter how much the mill may rattle and play the flute.'

Karl is therefore determined to disenchant these strange individuals, to brush away the mould and cobwebs that are covering them, to bring home to them their folly that they may recognize and get rid of it. To do this he will use the two topers as heroes in a comedy that will be so funny that the spectators will go wild with laughter.

'Give me permission and to-morrow this castle shall see a comedy with two heroes, so funny that you shall gasp for breath like a carp, and your Sidselill shall bite her little tongue bloody in a fit of laughter.'

The mode of procedure to deceive Jan's senses and give him over to disguise and false appearance is, when looked at from a psychologic point of view, a delightful act, written by a master hand.

After Jan has been brought into the notion that he really is the owner and lord of the castle in which he has spent the night, he is persuaded to start off on a hunt. From a window in Sidselill's room we have the opportunity of seeing him mount his steed and ride out of the gate.

During his absence we have the pleasure of becoming still better acquainted with Schluck. Before Karl brings him in to Adeluz he instructs her as follows:

'Receive this Schluck when I send him, cajole him, as the saying goes, and then train him — women know how to do that — like a jackdaw or a

poodle, until he enters willingly into every sport. Do it, it's a good exercise for the future. And when he (Schluck) has become tractable, like a husband, then induce him to play the rôle of a woman in a pretended masquerade, and, dressed in queen's attire, deport himself as if he were the real mistress of this house.'

Schluck is to contribute to the fun by masquerading as the spouse of the imaginary duke. He is directed in by Karl, and, after having warmed himself, eaten a little, and shown the ladies how skilful he is in cutting silhouettes (an art of which he is very proud), he consents to put on woman's apparel and play the mistress of the castle. The noteworthy fact here is that he enters so readily into his new rôle.

How can we explain it? Schluck is an imaginative character, very ingenious, able to become reconciled to almost anything, ready to follow suggestions, in which he becomes so absorbed that he mistakes what he imagines for that which is real. Besides, he is entirely free from suspicion and mistrust, taking everything so seriously that he actually sheds tears when he does not know how to proceed in his new rôle. He is pictured to us as a kind, generous, sympathetic, obliging person, who offers himself as a cheerful victim for the good of others. No wonder that Adeluz, a keen observer of human nature, says of him: 'A poor fellow (*Schlucker*), this Schluck — is he not? And if kindness were worth half the price that is put on it by everybody, then this worthy *Schlucker* Schluck would be a *Crœsus* of this world.'

After Jan has returned from the hunt, he sits down to a richly spread table and enjoys a splendid meal. This over, Schluck is brought in, so filled with his higher mission that he does not recognize his colleague at all, not even when Jan calls his name. In the merry comedy that follows the vagabonds furnish so much fun for their fancied 'subjects,' that they split their sides with laughing. Even Sidselill cannot restrain herself, and laughs uproariously. She has been brought to reason. The shrew is cured.

But our peasant-lord is beginning to use his power in so uncouth and intolerable a manner that his domineering spirit degenerates into boisterousness. He cuts the cushions to pieces, spits on the damask draperies, breaks up the most costly furniture, threatens to kill his companion, in short, becomes so tryannical that a sleeping draught has to be speedily administered in order that he may be taken back to the place where he was first picked up.

The moral lesson of the play is: He who is born a peasant makes a bad lord and master. The peasant-lord shows us, in a few lifelike traits on the one hand, the folly and perversity into which man readily falls when he leaves the path assigned to him by nature; on the other hand, man's in-

capacity to maintain himself in a sphere which lies beyond that allotted to him by nature. Had Jan been allowed to remain in his new sphere for any length of time he would have destroyed everything that crossed his path, and eventually he would have brought on his own end. His own foolish acts make it impossible for him to maintain himself in his imaginary world.

But in reality the acts of Jon Rand and Sidsell are just as foolish as those of the pseudo-prince. Their object of life consists in making nature subservient to their whims, in procuring merely a vain luxury which aims at childish splendor, devoid of form and thought. To bring home to Jon Rand the inconsistency of such luxury, Karl says to him:

‘You and Jan are both wandering through this rich principality as strangers. . . . Our best luck is like soapbubbles. . . . The descendants of Alexander, the great king of Mecedon, became within a short time joiners and clerks in Rome.’ And pointing to Jan, he says: ‘This bundle of patched ticking — yesterday it was still walking about as a prince.’

Having thus traced very briefly the movement of this comedy, and the underlying principles at work in it, let us now try to ascertain how far the author of this German play created out of the fullness of his own experience, and to what extent he received his inspirations and suggestions from Shakespeare.

The first feature worthy of notice in both of these plays is the so-called induction, which makes the main action a play within a play. In Shakespeare’s comedy, Christopher Sly, a drunken tinker, is lying before an ale-house, where he is found by a nobleman, who has him transported to his own castle. In Hauptmann’s drama the drunken vagabond, Jan, is likewise found and transferred to a palace.

Both Sly and Jan are put into very fine beds and on awakening they are made to believe that they are great lords. The noblemen and their servants do all they can to disguise the external surroundings; to make the tinker and the tramp believe that their past life has been only a dream; to get them into the notion that they have slept for a number of years. They are treated as if they were rich and powerful lords, merely laboring under the delusion of being of humble birth. The whole plan rests upon the deception of the senses. The comic effects of both inductions proceed from *disguise*, not the disguise of persons merely, but of persons and all their surroundings. It is not hypnotism that we see at work here, but the development of characters by suggestion.

After this has been carried on successfully for some time, Shakespeare avails himself of the custom of the Middle Ages in having a band of strolling players come to the castle, and Sly, now convinced that he is a lord, acts like

a lord of his time and commands these players to be brought before him, so that he may hear their performance.

Except in a few short passages, Shakespeare, for some reason difficult to explain, deprives his readers of the continuation of the induction, no provision being made for getting Sly off the stage. With him it is a prelude without either development or end.

Dr. L. A. Sherman, professor of English in the University of Nebraska, in 'What is Shakespeare?' states that Shakespeare retained the induction apologetically, thereby saving the necessity of presenting the piece as a sober and first-hand study. This suggestion agrees quite well with the main thought in Hauptmann's prologue, in which he warns us not to take the piece too seriously. He says:

'Let your eye glide hastily over it, if you would not rather look into the beaker; and take this rude little piece for the offspring of an unconcerned whim, and no more.'

Other critics advance theories to the effect that, perhaps, Shakespeare did not work out the double plot because he found that the play would become too long and lose its suitability for the stage; or that it did not come down to us in actually perfect form, a portion of it having been lost, or that perhaps he did not add the termination of the prelude because it was sufficiently well known from 'The Taming of A Shrew,' and other older plays.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that in Shakespeare's comedy the sport with Christopher Sly ends at the opening of the real play. Hauptmann, on the other hand, has the new-made duke exercise the functions of a real prince. The German play, therefore, runs parallel with Shakespeare's, only to a certain point, that, namely where the nobleman and his servants have succeeded in so disguising Sly's surroundings that he really believes himself to be a lord. Hauptmann owes to 'The Taming of the Shrew' little more than a hint or a suggestion, and this obligation he does not try to conceal, for on the title-page of his play we find the following:

Sly.— What, is it household stuff?

Page.— It is a kind of history.

Sly.— Well, we'll see't. Come, madame wife, sit by my side and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger.—Shakespeare, 'The Taming of the Shrew, prelude.'

The only character that has its counterpart in the German play is the drunken vagabond, Jan. How Skakespeare would have us conceive this character, we do not know, for as has been stated, he did not see fit to do any more with him than to put him before us on the stage as a duke. With him it is a preparation for something that never takes place. Hauptmann

takes up the psychological experiment where Shakespeare leaves off and carries it skilfully to a dramatic conclusion by showing us the inner thoughts and experiences of a pauper who has in some mysterious way suddenly become rich and powerful. In this respect Hauptmann's play is not an adaptation, but an original piece of work. The characters that he brings before us are creations of his own; and he succeeds in giving to each one of them a definite and clear-cut personality.

Shakespeare takes his audience to a far-away country; the atmosphere in his play is conventionally Italian, Hauptmann's characters, on the other hand, are products of his own native soil. And, unlike Shakespeare, he brings before us two tipsy vagabonds instead of one. Both are, from a dramatic point of view, delightful characters, drawn, not from books nor from the brain, but from actual life. They speak, not in verse nor in High German, but the Silesian dialect, which makes them seem all the more real.

Shakespeare has the young man from Verona tame the shrew by means of her own shrewishness. Petruchio woos Katharina, according to the archaic principles: 'Man is the hunter, woman is the game'; or to put it in his own words; 'Will you, nil you, I will marry you.'

On the wedding day he disregards all proprieties, he violates all social requirements, he behaves toward the priest like a madman; as soon as the marriage ceremony is over he takes his wife like so much 'household stuff,' and hastens to his country place, where his caprice can reign supreme, without danger of interference. In his whimsicality he allows his wife no food, no sleep, no 'better fashioned gown,' yea, he even compels her to deny the existence of her very senses, thus her individuality is entirely wiped out. In other words, he cures her by holding up before her a reflexion of her own distorted image, thus put to shame, she returns to her own proper sphere.

Hauptmann, too, employs this homeopathic treatment in the domain of ethics, but he applies it in a way more modern and far more refined. With him it is not the 'Peitscheuknall,' but the psychological method. By having Jan and Schluck parade before Jon Rand and Sidselill, he shows them the error of their ways and makes them realize that they are frittering away their lives on vain foolishness.

We have, then, in the main action of each of these two plays the same motive that is found in the induction of each. Just as Sly and Jan, in spite of their imaginary splendor, always remain the tinker and vagabond respectively, and make no further use of their dignity as lords than to get drunk and commit acts of foolishness, so in the principal plays the shrewish characters have stepped out of the sphere assigned to them by nature. And as the lordship of the new-made dukes terminates in the nothingness of

a mere joke and they in the end become what they really are, so we find that the other characters can as little maintain their assumed positions. Holding up before them reflections of their own distorted images becomes the means of curing the actual disease of their minds, and bringing them back to their own proper spheres.

DECADENCE OF AMERICAN CULTURE: WHY?

BY FLORENCE E. HYDE

CULTURE in its broadest, most catholic sense may be defined as an enlightenment of the intellectual and moral nature of mankind. In that more specific sense in which it is usually employed it is that refinement of thought, manners, and taste gathered from an intimate acquaintance with belles-lettres, and the fine arts. Here it does not necessarily imply a profound scholarship, a rigorous and exact knowledge of physical science, of many languages, or any of those erudite attainments of mind that would make the savant or sage, even less the technicalities of any profession or business that would make the specialist; but it does demand an extensive reading, such as is embraced in history, poetry, the essay, the drama, and novel; it does demand a familiarity with classical music, painting, and sculpture. All these are indispensable factors to the formation of a liberal, an emancipated, a tolerant understanding.

There are three great agents that mold and enlarge the human faculties — nature, books, intercourse with fellowmen.

An association with Nature, that continual revelation of grace and proportion and color, develops in us an abiding sense of beauty, of perfection. Its marvelous processes of creation, its vastness without beginning or end in space or time, its insoluble mystery beyond the penetration of finite mind, awaken in us the most exalted feelings of wonder and sublimity and awe, as also the indomitable desire of discovery that eternal failure is powerless to conquer. It uplifts us with the consciousness we, too, are a part of this mighty scheme, it humbles us with the recognition of our pitiful insignificance and ephemeralness. It teaches us the power of the boundless, the eternal of which this is only the visible manifestation; it glorifies us with the knowledge of our own relation to the infinite, however puny and transient that relation be. Nature is the most potent force, the most impelling influence in shaping human thought and character that has ever existed or will.

Books are of inestimable service. Through them we are in close touch with the Past, however remote it may be in point of time. We are able to trace all its strivings, its failures and victories, comprehend its hopes and ambitions, count the mighty heart throbs of life. Books are the repositories of great achievements, of splendid discoveries and inventions, of

daring enterprises, of signal deeds of heroism. In them are garnered the fruits of patient toil, of laborious research, the findings of triumphant knowledge. The thought of philosopher, the wisdom of sage, the glowing imagination of genius, the lovely fancies of poet and dreamer, the vision of prophet and seer, are treasured there. The whole story of humanity's travail through degradation, error, and darkness onward and upward into the glorious light of civilization, is preserved for us. They instruct us in youth, inspire us in our middle life, and brighten our old age.

So generously do they expand the mind with ideas, store it with information, that Lord Bacon aptly said, 'Reading maketh a full man.' He also might have added, an interesting man, whose personality is elevating, whose conversation stimulates.

Lonely indeed is the man who finds himself in his declining years crowded out from the world's affairs, pushed into the background if he has failed to cultivate any love of books. He who through adversity or wrong doings is abandoned by friends and relatives still is not bereft if he has these staunch and loyal companions.

Not of least importance comes social intercourse, from which is derived an interchange of thought and opinions, a gathering of new ideas.

In the days of rude stress and exertion, when the sturdy Anglo Saxon pioneers of our country were striving for dominion over this land, later, when they were battling for liberty, struggling for a foothold among the nations of the world, it was not to be expected that, so busied with great elemental problems, they should have time for the cultivation of elegant accomplishments, or to devote to the polished refinements of life. Culture, the outgrowth of peace, prosperity, and a certain degree of leisure, demands a carefully prepared and enriched soil for its blossoming. Still, strangely enough, so soon after these travails, in the youth of the last century there arose an intellectual epoch so brilliant, so illustrious, as never to be surpassed since in this country, which, for want of a better term, I shall call America's Golden Age of thought. Names more than local, more than national, represented every field of literary activity. Philosophy, by Emerson and Thoreau; poetry by Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Poe, and Whitman; fiction by Hawthorne, Poe, Cooper, Irving, Holmes; travel by Bayard Taylor; the essay by that prince of scholars, James Russell Lowell.

And yet with such giants as these typifying the general high intellectual character of the country, again and again, both in his essays and addresses, Emerson, that great apostle of plain living and elevated thinking, laments the tendency of the times toward sordid objects of pursuit and cautions against vulgar ostentation and ignoble luxury. What would he have said

if he had lived to see the drift of to-day? From the hut at Walden in the heart of the woods rang forth a clarion protest against the artificiality and needless extravagance of the age. These were voices fearlessly proclaiming only the highest, encouraging the best. It was the mission of these pure, these rare and exalted souls to raise aloft the noblest ideals for their countrymen to strive after. Alas, that we of these modern days lack such courageous, independent spirits, who scorned complaisance with false conditions and unscrupulous policies, and, regardless of self-interest, declared uncompromisingly sacred right and eternal truth! Is the voice in the wilderness forever silenced by the fear of a base expediency?

Never have we apparently been in a position of greater security, or commercial prosperity. We have long ago achieved our independence and made a commanding place for ourselves among nations. We are a vigorous, flourishing people, ever growing in wealth and numbers; in short, our national weal is so consummate as to be a cause for exultant pride and satisfaction to ourselves, and astonishment and admiration to others. The times seem ripe as never before for the cultivation of the elegant, choice, and beautiful things of life, for devotion to the noble refining uses of mind and spirit.

And yet, notwithstanding, our almost incredible material progress and good fortune, I do not hesitate in saying the intellectual average of society is not as high as it was sixty, even thirty years ago. That sounds paradoxical with the enormous growth of educational facilities. In the past, where only a very small percentage in the little towns and hamlets obtained a college education, the numbers of those availing themselves of present day increased advantages are immensely multiplied. Where once it was so infrequent as to be short of anomalous for a woman to pursue a college training, it is now of so common an occurrence as to arouse not the slightest comment. High time it is, indeed, she entered more fully into the beauty and wonder of life, had a deeper understanding of its meaning not alone that she may have a direct influence on its issues, but that hers may be a broader womanhood!

Nevertheless, I repeat again, for all this spread of learning, the intellectual average is distinctly lower than it was in the glorious days of New England supremacy. The reasons are found in complex causes, of which I shall briefly treat.

In colonial times the term American meant those persons of direct Anglo Saxon traditions and heritage who sought here religious and civil liberty. They were English of the middle class, respectable, independent, well-trained men and women, narrow and bigoted perhaps in their views,

but of steadfast, uncompromising principle, strong and purposeful character, honest, sincere, and true in their convictions,— the best stock out of which any country can be formed.

America, because it is the land of such enormous, natural resources as to seem exhaustless, has from the first been regarded as the country of opportunity, of golden promise, of freedom of action. When there was no longer religious oppression to necessitate it becoming the refuge of the persecuted, it was then looked upon almost entirely as an asylum for the socially downtrodden and frequently disaffected of overcrowded Europe, who wanted a fair chance, and came to better fortunes and conditions that could not be ameliorated on their own shores. With that resistless tide of immigration that has been for the past fifteen years setting in not only from Europe but Asia as well, that early term has wholly lost its significance. With this bewildering mixture of peoples and races we may well ask ourselves what does the word American imply? To say the least, it has an exceedingly wide application. Very different in moral stamina, education, and solid worth are these present comers to those sturdy, wholesome, reliable, first settlers. Is it to be expected that these people representing the humblest, raw, untrained types, and their children of the following generation, who by virtue of birth will call themselves Americans, even providing they have assimilated our customs, will possess the temperament or inclination for culture, that most refined consummation of intellectual development?

And in passing, I will remark that those to whom our government is intrusted will find themselves every day more involved with responsibility, obligations thrust upon them from the outside. Economic and industrial problems of the gravest nature are already forcing themselves upon their attention. They are confronted not only with the task of amalgamating this vast foreign population, but finding for it the actual means of subsistence. It has so congested our cities, so thoroughly spread itself over the earlier developed sections of the country that now only the far West and Southwest remain to help in disposing of it.

In older times a college education signified what was designated as a gentleman's education, that is, an information embracing a wide and varied range of subjects, a study of the humanities, such a thorough versing in Greek and Latin as would result in solid attainments in the liberal classics.

The cultural influences of Greece are so potent and far reaching as to be inestimable. She was great in every department of knowledge in which the human mind manifests itself. The foundations upon which modern science, philosophy, poetry, sculpture, the drama rest have their origin in that marvelous genius. Scarcely less important, though in a different way,

is that of the Latin race, whose law, politics, religion, and government have permeated civilization since the days of the mighty Roman Empire. It is easily perceived that such knowledge enlarged the mental scope, broadened the entire intellectual horizon, quickened the imagination, gave larger and catholic ideas an outlook on the future derived from a familiarity with the past.

To-day, with the elective system in vogue in the representative universities, the decline in the study of Latin is marked, but the tremendous falling away of Greek is alarming. This growing want of interest is significant of the times that no longer have use for classical learning. A college education now stands in general, not for liberal culture, not for enlightenment, not for intellectual expansion and completeness, but *utility*; it is narrowed down to specialization in some one branch or department, to the end that men be enabled to turn such knowledge to immediate profitable account. And to what ultimate purpose? Why, the making of money for greater luxury, greater display, greater complexity of living!

The microbe of ostentation extends to all classes and conditions in America from the plutocrat to the workman. To parade prosperity, to make a display of good fortune, have become absorbing passions. It is not the desire to make the best of a situation, but the eager wish to make that situation appear other than it is, in a deceptive light that impels our efforts. It is not to meet our neighbor in the same financial circumstances on an equal footing, but to go him one better! Every one is striving to compete with his rival on the rung of the ladder just above. The bookkeeper, on a hundred dollars a month, sees the professional man receiving two hundred sporting an automobile; he immediately puts his wits to the task of obtaining, through some hook or crook, a car fully as handsome and expensive. The laborer, whose wage is \$1.50 to \$2.00 per day is dissatisfied because the carpenter or the mechanic gets \$2.50. His women are discontented if they cannot have a Brussels carpet in the parlor and a set of china in the cupboard, not a whit cheaper than those of their more lucky sisters. The wife of the poor man, struggling for the very means of subsistence, strains every nerve to have her children dressed the same as those of the well-to-do, to give them as good advantages.

What is the result of this emulation, this mad craze for appearances? As a nation we are the most uneasy and restless people on the face of the globe. It is a truism there must be movement and change in order to have advancement. Restlessness and activity are essential to progress, and when kept within bounds are healthy and encouraging signs. Ambition is largely the measure of energy and ability, with which the Americans are generously supplied. But the restlessness that has its root in envy and

discontent of those in more auspicious circumstances is not conducive to the most enduring form of progress, and the ambition whose motive is the outvieing of others in false show might be devoted to nobler employment.

Let us return to the university which, unfortunately, has fallen under the spell of a prevailing materialism. It is training only in one direction, developing only one intellectual part. The dense ignorance of the modern college man who has spent four of the most impressionable years of his life within the cloistered walls of his Alma Mater, on pretty nearly every subject save his own particular province, is downright appalling. On first thought it seems impossible he could live right in the center of learning and culture without absorbing some refining and broadening influences; but when one considers how busy he has been mastering the technicalities of his engineering, his agriculture, his chemistry, his horse doctoring; how engrossed in his exacting work as to shut his eyes and ears to all outside cultural forces, looking upon them as extraneous and of minor importance, it is not then so incomprehensible. It is doubtful if later any will enter his life, for he begins a practical career where the struggle to hold his own in the arena of fierce, modern competition is at hand. He strains every faculty he possesses, bends every energy to winning success, knowing that poverty is a disgrace, failure to get on in the world a lasting humiliation. He feels he has not any opportunity left for general improvement. He is certainly without consuming desire for it. The educated man, whatever his chosen pursuit, should meet men of all other callings on a common ground. He should have some comprehension of every field of worthy endeavor, some familiarity with every form of knowledge. It is a disgrace for him to excuse ignorance with the plea, 'It is not in my line.'

The primary function of the university is to communicate the stored-up knowledge of the world in order that the youth intrusted to its care may be so rounded out in intellect and character as to be qualified to make the journey of life. It is not simply the question of making useful but *fit* men, men worthy to survive the vicissitudes of fortune, the trials and temptations of the world. To many, in these latter days of commercialism, this function has come to signify the mere teaching of the elements of some profession or business, that, once acquired, shall furnish a means of self-support. 'We send our boys to college not for the frills,' they say, 'but in order that they can learn some useful thing that will procure them their living.'

Let not these considerations of practical utility, necessary though they be, overshadow the fact that the highest aim of any institution of learning should be the instilling of ideals, the teaching of men how to develop themselves through independent exercise of thought. Education is a drawing

out of the best in a man, a training that puts him in the way of seeking truth for himself, of knowing how to go to and where the sources are of knowledge.

The university is the conservator of the traditions, not the producer, but the custodian of the great thought of the world. The astronomer in his observatory, the investigator in his laboratory, the inventor in his shop, the scholar in the retirement of his library, make some original discovery, some wonderful contrivance, bring forth some new idea; and the university examines these findings and sets upon them the seal of its approval and imparts them to others. The real lover of wisdom will make his own opportunities, will get it at any sacrifice, whatever the odds; at any cost, here, there, and everywhere, from sources remote from any established institution of learning. Genius is impatient of restraint, of rule and custom; great minds find themselves in their own way. But for the immense majority that constitute the average, the university with its prescribed course and routine is an invaluable aid.

If one should enter the homes of the independent and leisured classes, he would find there a degree of comfort and luxury undreamed of by Europeans of exalted rank. The latest contrivances for household convenience, for personal advantage, the most lavish equipment for the gratification of the senses, whatever, in short, is contributive to physical ease and enjoyment, is there as a matter of course. The Americans have brought the science of material well being to a point of absolute perfection. But splendid as is the furnishing and decoration, the pictures on the walls, the volumes in the bookcases demonstrate the want of artistic training of literary discernment. The library, indeed, is the last room to receive serious attention.

In the homes of the vast majority of the middle classes, excepting a few old musty, out-of-date nondescript volumes of no possible value, save to the junk man, there is well nigh an absence of books altogether.

On the center table, side by side with the ten-cent magazine, the illustrated Sunday supplement, might be seen the trashy novel, whose only claim to notice is its very late lateness. In humble homes the execrable taste confronting one everywhere shows a total lack of the sense of beauty or congruity. The hideous hair wreath under a glass; the cheap chromos, representing a huge fish or impossible plate of fruit, hanging against walls trailed over by gaudy flowers; the china dogs and cats on the mantel; the horrible cottage organ, on which lugubrious tunes, without the slightest melody, are dragged out; all these atrocities can be found in any farm house or artisan's dwelling. I believe, as a public lesson in taste, copies of masterpieces or world-famous scenes should be hung in every schoolhouse,

hotel office, and dining-room, church parlor, and lecture hall in the country.

The home is a fair index of the mind and character of its dweller. With such a meager cultural equipment as I have attempted to describe, what could be expected from social intercourse?

The conversation of the men turns upon politics, business, some sensational outside crime or wrong local measure; that of the women upon dress, experience with servants, and the newest scandal. The gossip indulged in in the modern parlor is enough to dismay a stout heart. One would think some women were lacking in all mental resources and had no subjects of discourse other than that of people, so industriously do they chatter about their absent neighbors and acquaintances. And from the sort of talk, so mischievous and spiteful and injurious, one would also be forced to the conviction that they were natural enemies to the human race.

Whole afternoons are frittered away with interminable card playing, that most utterly empty, insipid, and purposeless form of amusement with which the vapid mind seeks to divert itself. At evening functions, where the sexes mingle freely, the entertainment consists of dancing and flirtation and gay badinage among the young people, more discussion of politics, local measures, and servants with the elders. Rarely do men and women converse together upon the deeper issues of life. Perhaps this is the fault of men who have been wont to regard the gentler sex in the light of voluble, charming, and irresponsible beings to divert their leisure hours, relax care and weariness.

Women, so wonderfully intuitive, are not profound or analytical in their thinking. They do not exercise their reasoning faculties and rarely penetrate below externals to the uttermost depths of things. They see only the obvious, not the hidden or remote; they are content to skim over the surface of a subject.

The formation of clubs and societies for intellectual and civic improvement is a long step forward to feminine advancement. Though I have always been doubtful of the real educational benefit derived through the promiscuous lectures, and the copied up articles out of encyclopedias, with which the members are wont to regale themselves, the influence of this great movement is helpful in that it awakens her pride and self-respect as a responsible being, broadens her worldly vista, and substitutes larger, nobler interests in place of the petty and aimless, healthier modes of thought for the hurtful and debasing.

Leisure, that freedom from nervous occupation, release from the absorbing problem of self-maintenance, presupposes opportunity for higher thought, is, indeed, considered essential to the development of the finer, more elegant attributes of mind. But with the very wealthy classes to-day opportunity

degenerates into the seeking of mere self-indulgence. With the automobile, the power boat, and the thousand and one facilities for diversion and recreation, the temptations to physical enjoyment are increased tenfold. They live in a rush of going, a whirl of social functions, the theater, opera, reception, ball, distracting to any serious pursuit. The appetite cloyed and dulled by excess, the votaries of pleasure crave excitement and novelty and are continually turning to new and untried forms of amusement that shall afford fresh sensations. When one's entire activities are wholly engrossed in such a ceaseless round, there is a disinclination to seclusion, it becomes wellnigh impossible to fix the attention on study, to concentrate the mind on graver things.

No great thought worthy of the name was ever born in an atmosphere of slavish complaisance to custom, of trifling dissipation, of ignoble self-indulgence. Behind the brilliant discovery that electrifies the world, the noble idea, are long years of painstaking preparation, of lovely meditation and toil. Genius is not only the power of origination, but the capacity for concentration.

We are too gregarious. We do not spend enough time in the retirement of our homes, the solitude of self-communion. We do not awaken our potentialities, bring out our best strength. With the resources within ourselves becoming less and less, we are growing more dependent on others for society and ideas. We are herding together, moving and living in crowds. We no longer think boldly, honestly, independently, as free spirits, but tamely follow the thought of the mass. We are in danger of losing our distinctive character, our very individual existence.

Ostentation, which is pageantry, pomp, and lavish magnificence in the rich, display in the middle classes, empty show, false pretence in the poor; the feverish longing for appearances, for spectacular effect; the growing love of luxury, of self-indulgence,—these vanities and failings, so detrimental to ennobling pursuits, have their roots in a purely material conception of life. We live on too low a plane, on the dead level of physical wants and interests rarely rising to the heights of the spiritual. Granted that by the laws of nature we are more or less according to the weakness or strength of our individual wills, the creatures of our environment, we should not too passively follow the line of least resistance or allow the surrounding influences, however powerful they be, to completely dominate us.

Not for a moment would we disparage any means that conduce to personal accommodation or convenience, not for a moment would we decry any means that promote personal comfort, for man, so many-sided in his nature, is dependent on physical agencies not only for his bodily needs and demands but for existence itself. It is his privilege to get out of this life

what happiness and contentment he legitimately can. But when all has been said there is something infinitely higher, more precious, more enduring than the material things that redound to bodily ease and gratification.

When the intellectual and physical pleasures have at last been weighed in the scale by experience, the former have been found to yield the greater satisfaction. Man with his restless inquiring spirit, his powers of retrospection, with his complex emotions, his thousand hopes and yearnings and desires, with his soaring intellect that reaches to the stars and penetrates the abysmal depths, is indeed something more than a physical being.

It always makes me feel sad to see men and women with wealth and leisure and unlimited opportunity, spending their time in frivolity and idleness. No doubt they and many others who envy them think how rarely privileged they are by the world and fortune with every wish humored, every appetite gratified. But I think, oh how little you realize what you have missed that you can be content with only the externals of life without the essence! Missed, indeed, its beauty, its poetry, its rich diversity! Missed, its glory, its greatness, its meaning! There are joys you have never tasted, whole empires of exalted experience, of noble interests, of refined delights, into which you have never entered. Through your own blindness and folly you have forever shut the magic portals of light and freedom against yourself.

Man is infinitely more than an animal to be fed, clothed, and housed. And if he have any *raison d'être*, it is to work out the divinity within him.

ROSTAND AND CHANTECLER

BY CAROLINE SHELDON

ROSTAND is a Frenchman of the Midi, with all the vividness of imagination, the ease and copiousness of expression that characterize the most poetical race of southern Europe, those Provençaux who gave lessons in verse-making to all the other nations of the Occident. The plays upon words, the antitheses, the cunningly-wrought comparisons that recall to his readers the Euphuisms of the Elizabethans, are the result of no straining after effect, they arise from the same sources as the Euphuisms of Shakespeare, vigor and vividness of imagination, and an almost unconscious mastery of language. Rostand, like the Elizabethans, resembles a boy amusing himself with a prism, which he holds up to catch the light from all sides, delighting in the shifting play of color. The French poet, like his English predecessors, expresses a thought, and straightway there occurs to him another form in which it may be cast. This, too, he tries, and possibly even a third. Finding all alike good, he is unable to choose between the expressions he has created, and lets them all stand. There is danger in the ease and swiftness of the action of his mind, the quantity and variety in which he can turn off results. He may thus lead the casual reader or hearer of his plays to classify him as a juggler rather than as a serious artist. But Rostand's exuberance is a sign of health and vigor, his plays upon words, his tossing about of thoughts are, as in the greater Elizabethans, signs of strength, of power over his own faculties.

In his stage-settings, as well as in his style, Rostand recalls the great days of the English drama. The wall of Samaria and the crowded market-place in 'La Samaritaine'; city streets, Oriental interiors, ships in 'La Princesse Lointaine'; the theater, the confectioner's shop, with its varied constituency, the camp, the garden, and the convent in 'Cyrano'; the Austrian count and the bautefield of Wagram in 'l'Aiglon'; the park and the wall, with the sham abductors in 'Les Romanesques'; farmyard, *garden*, and woodland in 'Chantecler'; all these do make demands upon the ingenuity of the stage-carpenter and the property-man, as well as the imagination of the audience.

The French dramatist makes no secret of the fact that he is a student, an admirer, a disciple, if you will, of Shakespeare; but he is by no means a servile imitator. His themes are chosen from a different class of subjects. Perhaps no better illustration could be given of Rostand's originality, colored by the influence of Shakespeare, than 'Les Romanesques.' The

dramatist makes it quite plain that the theme was suggested by 'Romeo and Juliet.' In the later play, however, the enmity of the families is spurious and the lovers are made to feel themselves somewhat ridiculous. Yet 'Les Romanesques' is not a burlesque of the Shakespearian tragedy; the resemblance is purely superficial and the theme entirely different. In the end the lovers realize what the audience has felt all along, that they are not altogether ridiculous, since to them the feud was real. The audience smiles and sighs in sympathy. Who has not tired of the commonplace, and gone far afield in search of the romance that was all the time beckoning him from just around the corner? An old theme? Yes. But the treatment is by no means hackneyed; the theme is so cleverly held in solution that it is only as an aroma, a subtle suggestion, that it finally reaches audience or reader.

Certain adaptations of 'Les Romanesques' with interpolated, incongruous scenes and characters, have done much to spread misconceptions of this charming comedy. In its distorted form, managers advertise it as a farce, though the original is a lyrical comedy, full of grace, spirit, and delicate humor; all which qualities of necessity disappear, or become too heavy in a translation.

While the quotations from Shakespeare in 'Les Romanesques' naturally fall far short of their originals, the author's own lyric passages, in music, as well as in ease, grace, and copiousness of expression, are worthy of the song-writers and sonneteers of the days of Elizabeth and the first Stuarts. Despite statements to the contrary made by great authorities from Poe down, there is music in French verse. To the ear not accustomed to it from childhood, it is likely to seem as unmusical as does the best of English blank verse to a Gallic ear not early attuned to English meters. French verse-writing is a difficult and delicate art, but an art of which Rostand is master. In the lyric portions of 'l'Aiglon,' he ranks close to Hugo and Musset; in the songs of 'Les Romanesques' he recalls the best work of the 'Pléiade,' while in the *tours de force* of 'Cyrano,' he seems a court poet of old Provence, ready to rhyme you a sonnet, a *chanson*, or a *virelay* on any subject you choose, and at a moment's notice.

Like most Frenchmen, Rostand is a mixture of idealist and critic. He sees the flaws in existing conditions and actual characters, mourning over or jibing at them, according to his mood. Nevertheless, he insists that the pursuit of the ideal is the only valid reason for living. This principle is, under all their external differences, the theme of all his dramas. Rudel dreams of The Far-Away Princess, thinking it better to die seeking her than to live out his days having never looked upon her face. The minstrel may be wrong; there may be fairer, lovelier ladies at home in France than

this distant princess of his dreams. Yet he counts it joy to have spent life and strength in seeking her, even though at the last he may only look upon her face and die.

The confectioner in 'Cyrano' is a variation upon the same theme. His wife despises his verses and uses his manuscript to wrap cakes in. The young men of letters who frequent his shop take little note of the confectioner's literary aspirations, except as these render him more lenient in the matter of bills. But the little man, having achieved perfection in one line, would now seek it in another. Ludicrous? Yes; in some aspects of the case. Still, why not cake-maker and poet as well as watchmaker and man of letters? Who is competent to judge of the suitability of the aspirations of any other human soul? The confectioner is happy in his struggles with the exacting and elusive Alexandrine, which gives him always something to strive for.

Cyrano, in his turn, is in love with his own ideal of Roxane, as she adores an imaginary being having little resemblance to either Christian or Cyrano.

The poor little Aiglon gilds his dreary days with dreams of an idealized father, a lofty mission of his own, and a France scarcely recognizable by historian or geographer, though somewhat familiar to the poets.

Finally, Chantecler fancies that he makes the sun rise; but, when he finds that his song is unnecessary to the production of this phenomenon, remains happy in the consciousness that he announces the dawn to a sleeping and careless world. Even before he is disillusioned regarding the effect of his notes upon the shades of night, the cock, in answer to a question from the hen-pheasant, replies,

'O, I do not know;
I only trust that in other vales,
Other cocks are singing in the dawn.'

Rostand enlivens his work with little touches possible only to a Frenchman. 'Chantecler,' for example, is a revival of the old animal fable, which filled so large a place in medieval literature. The Provençal poet did not need to go back to Aristophanes to find birds and animals playing their parts in a drama; he found the material ready to his hand in the memories of France. One meets in the modern play a 'Chantecler' who recalls the personage of the same name in the old 'Roman de Renart,' but with a difference. The new 'Chantecler' has a sense of personal responsibility and a keen ear for the call of duty. Yet the family characteristics persist; he is still vain of his personal appearance and his song; a true Gallic cock. He has come to Rostand, by right of inheritance, from the anonymous authors of the medieval stories, by way of the fables of La Fontaine.

The same sort of shrewdness in keeping on the popular side and out of

difficulties, while gaining one's own personal ends, which gave pith and point to every episode in the 'Roman de Renart,' and was so much admired by thirteenth-century hearers, is in Rostand's black-bird, recognized as cowardly time-serving. He is very clever and amusing, the other animals say, but he makes them all uneasy.

There is no character in the old fables at all comparable to Paton. It is significant, however, that the name given to him is a variant of the one borne by the bear in some old versions of the 'Roman de Renart.' Hence, the word 'Paton' suggests to a French hearer the entire personality, if we may so style it, of the farm-dog; a heavy lumbering fellow, of no particular breed, but possessing all the best moral qualities which make dog-lovers hold to the doctrine that there must be somewhere a heaven for good dogs.

Chantecler's tribute to the nightingale marks a moral and spiritual height beyond the dreams of the medieval fabulist and his audience. The new drama reflects a moral development in humanity since the days when the 'Roman de Renart' was the favorite literary work of a well-fed *bourgeoisie*. We owe something to M. Rostand for giving us a means of marking some progress in our race, over whose stupidity and selfishness we are so often disheartened.

But perhaps our chief debt to M. Rostand is for the opportunity which his play offers to a hurried generation to cease from its labors for a time and enjoy a little fun. The stage carpenters and decorators have outdone all previous efforts in preparing the stage setting and making other objects conform in size to the dimensions of the magnified denizens of the farm-yard. But, after the suggestion in the prologue that an invisible curtain, a magnifying lens, has been lowered between us and the stage, if we were to let ourselves go, like children or Elizabethans, turn over our own awakened imaginations to the dramatist, we should find 'Chantecler' interesting, vivid, amusing, even if played by wire-drawn puppets, upon an unadorned stage. The way to an enjoyment of Rostand's work is through an assent to his proposition, a willingness to 'pretend,' as the children say, to

'Piece out . . . imperfections with [our] thoughts,'

'Play with [our] fancies,'

go into partnership with author and actors; and, for the time being, accept the given situation as real. And is it not real? Are we not all acquainted with the black-bird, the owls, the turkey, and the peacock? Have we not all attended Mrs. Guinea Hen's reception? And do we not, Heaven be praised, know the pheasant hen, Paton, and the nightingale?

'For there is always a nightingale in the forest.'

Since Elizabethan days only Mr. Baine and M. Rostand have given us such an opportunity to do our share of the 'pretending.'

The best of Rostand's character drawing is in 'Chantecler.' In his other plays the characters, if not shadowy, produce their impression by exaggeration or caricatures. All his charming young ladies, for whom the heroes are eager to suffer and die, are the conventional heroines of romance. They could change places not only with each other, but with Scott's Edith Plantagenet, Rowena, or Isabella Wardour. Given the different circumstances, Sylvette, Roxane, and the Far-Away Princess could fill each other's rôles in an entirely satisfactory manner. But none of them could wear feathers and play a part in 'Chantecler.' The pheasant-hen is not only modern, she is individual; though the author laughs at her, he treats her sympathetically. She has, indeed, points of resemblance to Clive Newcome's Rosey, as well as to a latter-day suffragette; but her intelligence and sincerity join with her large-heartedness to place her in a niche of her own, when she sacrifices herself that 'Chantecler' may escape the danger of which he is unconscious.

The chief defect of Rostand's characters is that they sparkle too much. They have so many witty things to say, so many amusing and interesting things to do, that they give us scant opportunity to go under the glittering surface to find out what manner of beings they really are. In 'Chantecler,' the characters, being animals, one does not expect much psychological analysis. Yet there is, from time to time, a sudden revelation of sentiment or thought which takes the hearer by surprise. This encourages the hope that in time M. Rostand may produce a drama as rich in character portrayal as his existing work is in plot, imagery, and idealism. Withal, we trust that he will never lose that joy in living which allies him to the noblest of the Elizabethans. It is the safer to indulge this hope, because M. Rostand shares with the Elizabethans another quality with which the fairies rarely see fit to endow even great Frenchmen; the humor which is compounded of a feeling of the essential sadness of things, and a perception of the ludicrous follies and blunders of our race, softened by sympathy and love for every living creature.

VENICE

FROM THE GERMAN OF NIETZSCHE

Translated by Charles Wharton Stork

LONE on the Riva I stood
Shrouded in mantling night.
Far-off melody floated,
Welling in golden drops,
Over the quivering waters.
Gondola, palace, and tower
Drunkenly swam in the luminous dusk.

Then the mystical strings
Of my spirit, invisibly touched,
Trembling with secret delight,
Sang to the barcarole's time,—
Had I a listener, too?

EPIGRAM: LIFE

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHAUKAL

Translated by Charles Wharton Stork

HAPPY he whose steady hand
Holds the chalice to his lips,
So that while at ease he sips
Not one red drop stains the sand.

HORACE'S ODE IV, 7

BY THOMAS EWING, JR.

Snows everywhere routed, many greens are come to the pastures
Their tresses unto the trees;
Earth is again changing her semblance, and the decreasing
Streams slip along the channels;
Grace, with the twin sisters and nymphs, unclad to the dances
Dares to renew the summons;
Dream not of endless life the rapid year warns, or a moment
Hastening our sunny day.

Frosts are softened by the zephyrs, spring flees, summer enters,
Doomed to perish ere abroad
Copious autumn pours her horn of plenty, to usher
Winter in and rigid ice;
While the heavenly ravage fleeting moons still are retrieving,
We hurry on to become —
Down where is wealthy Tullus, where pious Aeneas and Ancus —
Only shadows or ashes.

Who can tell whether unto the yesterdays the remote gods
Will for us add to-morrow?
What you now following your own sweet wishes are reaping
Slips the clutchings of the heir.
Once the descent is made that upon you royally Minos
May deliver the decree,
Not lineage, Torquate, talent, and piety bring you
Forth again into the light;
For never is Diana to lead chaste Verbius upward
Out of the murky caverns,
Nor Theseus the fetters of Lethe to loosen, appealing
Fondly to Pirithous.